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SOCIALISM—ITS TRUTHS AND ERRORS.

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AFTER nearly a century of discussion by some of the most enlightened and eminent minds of the age, the very mention of the word "Socialism," still produces a shudder to most persons. It is believed to be a species of Communism, Nihilism, if not Ku Kluxism. It is certainly time these prejudices were swept away, and Socialism and Socialistic doctrines were recognized as plain practical matters fit for statesmen to consider—nay, which the public men of every civilized country are bound to consider, and, as a matter of fact, are considering whether they are conscious of it or not.

Formal definitions are difficult, and not easily understood in the end. The best we can do in abstract questions is to bring them down to simple every day parables, and then the romance and the horror alike fade. The Socialist cherishes the conviction that he has a great, new and over-shadowing gospel, which the world does not understand and which is for the healing of the nations. The rest of the world, who, for the most part have given the subject no attention at all, imagine that Socialism is a base plot to destroy individual property and plunder the rich for the benefit of the poor and the shiftless. Both these views are delusions.

Let the veil of misapprehension be removed and see exactly what Socialism means, what there is of good in it, and what there is which is foolish and extreme.

First, then, Socialism, as the name implies, is the right of the whole people or body politic to regulate certain things in the interests of the whole state, and in order to make things fair and just to all, certain individual rights must give way, be abridged, or swept away. Surely there is nothing to be alarmed at in this. It means nothing more than organized government. The first Statute ever passed by a Legislature was essentially socialistic, for it was a recognition of the right of the majority to make regulations for the benefit of the mass, and that, too, at the expense of individual rights and desires.

To illustrate. The criminal laws are all essentially socialistic. If a man makes life unpleasant to me—stands in the way of my progress and promotion, my individual prerogative in the abstract is to kill him and thus put him forever out of my way. But society steps in and says: "You cannot do this. The unlimited right to kill would make the conditions of life unsafe and uncomfortable for the great mass of us, and therefore, we decree that no one shall kill his neighbor ex-

cept in self-defence." If I find a "pearl of great price" somewhere, the possession of which will add enormously to my comfort and honor, my natural individual right is to take it, if I have the physical power to do so. But at an early stage of human history it was discovered that rights of property were essential to human happiness and so laws were made restraining my natural right to seize possession of things I craved.

From the beginning of human legislation down to the latest and most advanced Statute of the most enlightened nations, the tendency has been for society to widen and multiply its grasp of human affairs, and to enlarge its right to interfere with individual rights and desires.

To illustrate. Civic government is an enormous step in the direction of Socialism. It is not a natural crime for me to leave a pond of stagnant water on my land. It was nature which created the pool and hence strictly natural that it should remain. But the City Council thinks otherwise and passes an ordinance to drain the town, and not only does my pool go, but the tax collector, against my will, puts his hand into my pocket and takes away my money to pay for doing it, though I may, as an individual, be directly opposed to the whole business. I do not want the town drained, but the majority do. Who will say this is not rank Socialism?

Take another case. My neighbor is poor, but he has a number of children. That is his look-out. I am surely not responsible for his children. Let him take care of them as best he may. I am rich and have no children. That is my good luck. This is the purely individualistic view. But what has society already done in most enlightened countries? It has proceeded to build school-houses and employ qualified teachers. It has said to the children of my poor neighbors: "Enter this school room and enjoy the blessings of an elemental education free, notwith-

standing that your father has no means to pay;" and it next sends its officer to my house with the imperious declaration that he proposes to take a hundred dollars from my pocket to pay for this school-house and these teachers, though I have not a child to educate. Can anyone fail to see that this is rank Socialism?

But again. It is said that these things simply indicate that society takes certain things into its hands for the general good, but does not interfere with freedom of action between two individuals. Let us see. Nova Scotia has a large coal mining industry, at which several thousands of men are employed. These are necessarily crowded together at the several Collieries. Naturally they form Lodges or Unions in order that as a class they may get fair-play from the owner. Misunderstandings are certain to occur in the matter of wages, etc. Hence there will be strikes and lockouts. The Legislature of Nova Scotia has declared that there shall be no strikes or lockouts, but that when the rate of wages is called in question on either side, the matter shall be referred to a Board of Arbitration duly constituted by law, and its decisions shall be binding on master and men. But the enlightened world has not condemned this. On the contrary we find the most eminent men of the day advocating the application of compulsory arbitration, to all large labor centres.

The landlord and his tenant surely upon abstract principles have the right to make what bargains they please between themselves. No one would think of interfering with them. Look at the Irish Land Act of 1881, which completely revolutionizes the original contract.

It will be seen we are getting pretty well on in Socialistic ideas, and yet the consensus of practical statesmen is that these things are all right and are great steps in the direction of progress and justice. What men socialistically inclined propose in addition

to what has been done is not essentially different and is no more abhorrent to the abstract idea of individualism. That the state should own the telegraphs and operate them in the interests of the people is no different in principle from operating the post office and not nearly as socialistic as the compulsory free school system. If the post office and the telegraph should be managed by society, instead of by individuals, why not railways? The only question is that of expediency. In principle there is nothing disturbing. The usual test applied to Socialistic legislation is the general good of the mass—of the preponderating number of persons. The instant society is satisfied that the ownership and operation of railways by the state would be generally preferable to the present system, mitigate existing evils and make matters easier and better for the masses of the people, wherein would such a step differ from any other ordinary every day piece of legislation?

Thus far the right of society to regulate things to suit the interests of the majority has been dealt with. But the Socialist may very fairly claim that this power of society has been exercised not unfrequently in the interests of an individual or individuals, at the expense of the masses.

For illustration. Take a protective tariff. This is not a bad thing in its original aim. It is a proposition to restrict importation of foreign goods, in order that home industries may be encouraged. Such a doctrine will have difficulty in finding a sanction in the Sermon on the Mount, and it would probably not find itself recognized in the lofty sentiments of Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the World." But, putting aside for the moment the fact that God's laws which are founded on love and not on selfishness, are eternal and immutable, and any departure from them involves certain confusion and disaster, let us take merely the sordid idea of the nation's material

well-being. The only way that the home manufacturer can be benefited is by tariff duties which shut out his brother living outside. But what of the protection of the masses who require the article manufactured? Domestic competition? Beautiful, if certain. But what is to happen if those engaged in a given productive industry, combine, and in this way not only control the price charged, but are in a position to stamp out all attempts at competition by the inexorable iron hand of a Trust? What about sugar? What about illuminating oil? What about rope and cordage? Who fails to see that the law-making power, that is the people, for they create it and keep it alive, has enacted laws whereby a half dozen large and wealthy concerns are permitted to roll in wealth by virtue of a legal power which has been conferred upon them to rob millions of their fellow-beings of a trifle each? The plutocratic element is very much agitated over the Socialistic tendencies of the day, but the representatives of this class have never declined to accept and absorb the favors which society has conferred upon them, and are righteously indignant, when any party proposes that we shall have a little healthy individualism in sugar and oil, and have all special privileges removed.

The reason this phase of the question is referred to in this connection is to point out that not only has society a right to make any law or regulation which promotes the public good, but that as a matter of fact society has not only the power, but has exercised it to the fullest extent, to make regulations hostile to the public good and in favor of a few privileged persons. Result, enormous wealth accumulated in a handful of persons who have enjoyed these special privileges and wide-spread poverty and distress among the masses they have fleeced. This, of course, is a palpable reversal of the ordinary laws of sound legislation. It is opposed to

God's laws and the teachings of nature. It has been accomplished not as a deliberate degeneration of society, but under specious disguises and by the inordinate influence which wealth has been able to exert through the sordid instincts of very human legislators. But it has done its work, and gradually the masses will awake to a realizing sense of the actual position. Then the remedy for plutocracy will be applied—probably with a heavy hand. The masses will go back to laws for their own good, and will strip away the special privileges of the few. When this process begins we shall hear loud cries against the horrors and abominations of Socialism. But let it be understood in advance that no difference in principle is likely to be introduced. The right of a free people to legislate concerning their own affairs is marked by no limitation except that it shall not conflict with God's laws, and that is only a moral limitation. But this may be borne in mind. One evil is likely to lead to another, and excess in one direction leads to excess in the opposite direction when the pendulum begins to swing back. If the masses at an early stage take legislation into their own hands for their own benefit and if they go too far in their reaction and press radical doctrines to extremes that are dangerous and unjust, the cause will be that the millionaires and plutocrats carried things with a high hand when they dictated the laws, corrupted Congresses and Legislatures, fleeced the people and greedily gathered into their own garners the savings of the poor and the tribute of the toilers.

The purpose of this paper is to deal practically with questions of legislation, and not merely to indulge in altruistic ideas, though these are equally important and infinitely higher and nobler. But the disciple of altruism would be absolutely hopeless at this era in a Legislature, and the most necessary thing is to imbue those having the immediate responsibility of direct-

ing legislation with sound ideas. Let us for ever give over all fear of either Socialism or Socialistic ideas. They are at the bottom of all legislation. Without Socialism we should never have had a city drained, nor the masses educated. We should never have had a Factory Act, nor a regulation of the Liquor Traffic.

But to a practical legislator the great question at present is, What are the bounds to the law-making power? In the narrow sense, the ordinary politician would answer, "In the United States, the Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court. In England, no limitation—Parliament can do anything except make a man a woman." But the mere legal limitations do not represent fully the thought—what are the moral limitations to legislation? How far can majorities go in imposing their will upon the rest of the community? Are there not things which majorities have no right to impose upon minorities?

To illustrate. The majority in a given State believe in the Protestant religion, and are opposed to Roman Catholicism. Will that justify Acts of Parliament forbidding the celebration of the Mass, and the driving of Roman Catholics out of the country at the risk of forfeiting their lands and liberties? Every enlightened person will answer no, and the reason given will be that experience and sound opinion have agreed that religious liberty and freedom of worship must be tolerated in order that liberty should be enjoyed at all. For if a Protestant majority can drive out a Roman Catholic minority to-day, then a Presbyterian majority can drive out a Baptist minority to-morrow, and so the work of exorcising would go on until only the strongest would survive.

Again, to illustrate. A majority believe that Sunday should be observed as a day of rest. A minority do not believe in a day of rest every week. As a consequence, some persons will

close their places of business on Sunday, while others will keep theirs open. Those who close will find that their neighbors are getting an advantage of them in the way of business, and consequently will enact a law that all business and labor must be suspended on Sunday. In so far as such a law is based upon the economic fact that it is better for society at large that one day in seven should be a day of cessation from active labor, such legislation is justifiable. When, however, it is based upon religious grounds it comes in direct conflict with the principle of religious liberty and the rights of conscience, for I may have no religious convictions in regard to Sunday observance, and, therefore, while it is not unreasonable to ask me to conform to regulations made in deference to demonstrated economic principles, it is an outrage to impose upon me rules founded solely on any school of theology. Equally would society be violating sound principles of liberty if it undertook in any way to prescribe how I should spend my enforced leisure.

Two propositions have now been pretty well established :

First, Society has an undisputed right, which has been already enormously exercised, to make regulations in the interests of the majority of the people and in abridgement of individual rights.

Second, That this right of the majority to legislate is bounded or limited, and some things there are which majorities are not at liberty to do, without destroying the whole contract upon which Society exists.

The problem of the day is the fixing of these limits—the reduction to a principle of the rights of the majority to impose laws; that is, the stating of a dictum which will define the realm of individuality which may not be invaded by legislation.

One thing may be noted in this connection. Both Socialism and Individualism are consistent with true liber-

alism. A law to compel all persons to contribute to the education of the masses, is a great liberal and progressive measure which will have the sanction and support of every enlightened citizen. That is Socialism. A law which enacts that no religious tests should be applied to any individual, and no religious duty imposed upon him, is also a great liberal and progressive measure, and marks the difference between the Spanish Inquisition and nineteenth century civilization. This is Individualism.

A few things, essentially Socialistic, which no governments or legislatures have yet done or attempted, undoubtedly may be done without infringing in the least upon any wholesome recognition of individual rights. And many of these things beyond all question ought to be done now, if we are to have anything like fair play and justice for the masses. First, let us enumerate some enactments that may be done consistent with a full recognition of the principles of liberty.

(a) Society may lawfully and properly take charge of railways, telegraphs and telephones, the instant it is satisfied that the public interests would be promoted by so doing. To do so would be essentially Socialistic, but not a bit more so than the ownership of the post office, and less so than compulsory education.

(b) It may nationalize land, by making all the increase in values due to the efforts of the industrial masses, inure to the benefit of the State. It is Socialistic, but not a whit more so than to compel me while living in a town in Maine to pay taxes on property which I own in New York city, to build a system of sewerage, improve the streets, and beautify the Central Park. None of those things will inure to my personal benefit, but I am compelled to contribute for the benefit of the community. In like manner, if it is wiser and more just to the community at large that the increment of land values should be

distributed among the people whose efforts produce them, rather than go into the pockets of selfish and effortless individuals, what doth hinder the law? What moral principle is violated?

(c) It may repeal all special privileges which have been bestowed upon individuals and corporations, whereby these have been permitted to grow enormously rich at the expense of the masses whom they were permitted to plunder. This is one of the Socialistic steps that ought to be taken at once. The existence of a special privilege under the sanction of law is a blot upon the State, because it is an injustice to the many, and, still more, because it breeds a spirit of greed which never can stop short of corruption. Given a corporation with a special privilege, and a legislating power composed of individuals amenable to selfish considerations, and corrupt influences are born and bred on the instant. This is a terrible truth which ought to be reiterated until it has rung round the world, and awakened the public conscience of nations. The plain duty of the hour is to sweep away every vestige of special privilege, and to abolish everything which stands in the way of absolute even-handed justice to the whole people. Whiskey Trusts, Sugar Trusts, Iron and Steel Trusts, Oil Trusts, Rope and Cordage Trusts, Coal Trusts—all these should be destroyed without compunction, and every law-maker be imbued with but one ideal and pursue but one aim, the rights and interests of the people at large.

(d) It may decree that the profits of franchises improvidently granted to corporations should accrue to the benefit of the whole people. Let no one say that this is confiscation. In every instance provision should be made for a liberal interest upon the money *bona fide* invested by the corporation, but, above that, Society has a right to its own. To illustrate: A corporation obtains a franchise from

the City of Chicago to construct a street railway through the principal streets, for a distance of say ten miles, *and for nothing*. A few hundred thousands are spent in building and equipping the railway. Then it is opened for traffic, and charges five cents a head for passengers. At the end of the first year it is discovered that it has an earning capacity sufficient to pay a liberal rate of interest on \$20,000,000, immediately, and prospectively on \$30,000,000. The concern is turned into a joint stock company with a capital of \$30,000,000, which soon becomes worth par, and the two or three original promoters become many times millionaires. What follows is that hereafter these speculators and their descendants reap unlimited capacity for power and pleasure out of this railway. Their families roll in luxury, while the millions of people who are compelled to use the railway derive no advantage whatever—that is, they have no share in the profits which their franchise confers. If this franchise was retained for the benefit of the city, then every man who entered the street car would be paying his taxes every time the five cents is dropped into the box. But under existing conditions all the enormous profit goes to a few greedy individuals, and the body politic is left to pay the taxes. The rights of property must be respected. The doctrine of confiscation is obnoxious and vicious. Nevertheless it will be, indeed, strange if Society, which has improvidently and unwisely granted these enormous franchises, can find no way of regaining them, on the basis of giving the possessor a liberal rate of interest on all the money actually and legitimately expended in the enterprise, the surplus profits reverting to the city.

Upon like basis Society may so fix legacy duties as to eliminate the millionaire factor as much as possible from the State. At this very point the clearest and nicest shades of dis-

tion must be drawn. A millionaire is a perfectly proper institution provided the money is accumulated by just and legitimate means. How many men ever honestly and by fair means ever acquired a million of dollars in the course of a life-time? How are millionaires made? In England chiefly by land monopoly under which a few great landlords draw to themselves the increased values of land created by the industrial exertions of multitudes of people. In the United States and Canada, chiefly by three methods. *First*, the acquisition of franchises—railways, telegraphs, telephones, electric light, gas, etc. *Second*, special laws whereby certain lines of industry may be pursued at enormous profit, and at the expense of the many millions who have no special privileges. The Trusts embody substantially this class. *Third*, monopoly of land. None of these means weighed by any just standard, moral or economical, are either just, legitimate or fair. While, therefore, the law-making power should be applied with all vigor to prevent the creation of millionaires by investing in the State public franchises or restoring surplus profits; by sweeping away all special laws, tariff or otherwise, which permit Whiskey Trusts, Sugar Trusts, Oil Trusts, Cordage Trusts, etc., to exist and flourish; and by restoring to the State the increments in land values, it is equally sound and proper to take measures to partially, at all events, eliminate the millionaire element which has, by unsound, unfair and vicious means, been already created. The only way this can be done without unduly trenching upon individual rights and liberties is to fix a limitation to the amount of wealth which any man shall bequeath. To say that one family which happens to own land in the City of New York which has reached almost inconceivable value, and has thus acquired a fortune of one or two hundred millions of dollars, shall continue forever to possess this immense aggregation of

wealth, and hand it down from generation to generation is to make a mockery of every ethical and economical law known to humanity. Property acquired by honest labor and thrift, by enterprise and success in business must always be held sacred. Fix the largest sum which the most mature human experience determines as the measure of human capacity in a fair field to accumulate within the compass of human life, and let this be the maximum sum bequeathable at death. Is that amount ten millions? Then the man who dies with \$75,000,000, must have acquired at least \$65,000,000 of his accumulations by unfair means and by plunder. He has robbed the nation by unjust methods of this \$65,000,000, and is it a startling proposition that it should go back to the people from whom it was improperly taken?

Some of the things which Society may do without unduly trenching on the domain of individual liberty have been referred to. It may be a long time before practical legislation goes that far. But looking over the affairs of the world coldly and impartially what fair-minded man can fail to see that existing conditions are monstrously unfair and call aloud for redress? Take the United States, for example. A nation of 70,000,000—boasting of being the freest, most progressive and equal of any commonwealth the world has ever seen. Less than four per cent. belong to a class that is able to roll in wealth, live in palatial houses, drive fast horses, travel over Europe, sail yachts, eat superb dinners and snuggle afterwards into luxurious sofas and sedans. Perhaps twenty per cent. more are able to enjoy some of the reasonable comforts of life by means of a small accumulation out of the earnings of their daily toil. The remaining 76 per cent. are toiling and struggling from sun to sun to get the means for absolute existence. They are without luxuries, without leisure for mental improvement and with no

opportunities for seeing the world. Part of these by steady employment are able to live fairly well. Many others unfortunately are unable to get work and suffer accordingly. Others are driven to accept a rate of remuneration which involves bare absence of starvation, and yet, with such hours of labor as dwarf the mind, shrivel the heart and embitter the soul. Is anyone so blind as to doubt that this class will some day take matters into its own hands?

At this present date, this four per cent. is the most potent factor in law-making. A Sugar Trust can get more done in Congress than a million of people in the East, West, North or South with a united representation. Political power may be said to be practically exercised by the twenty-four per cent. For the most part the seventy-six per cent. have followed along in the procession. It may be that this will last for a long time yet, but it cannot last forever. With all their drawbacks the proletariat have at this time unexampled opportunities of obtaining knowledge. The school house is planted in every parish. The daily newspaper is accessible to the poorest. The public meeting is open to every class. No political or social problem now arises in the nation that is not discussed in the humblest hovel in the land. The great moral truths upon which Society rests are getting down to the apprehension of all. It follows as day follows night, that sometime this seventy-six per cent. will arise in their power and take the reins into their hands. The more the power of

plutocracy is exercised, the more brazen and intolerable the demands of the millionaires, the sooner the revolution will come and the greater and more terrible will be the upheaval.

Socialism has its errors as well as its merits. The right of the majority to make laws for the good of the whole is unimpeachable and the farther it is exercised in the direction of securing equality of opportunity, full justice to all, and inciting to effort and progress, the better. But when it attempts to regulate morals or tamper with religious convictions it is a curse. It is equally vicious and absurd, when it seeks to destroy the great stimulating influence of competitive exertion; to wither manhood by dooming him to an effete and enervating system of the State Founding Hospital, with his wants anticipated and supplied without care on his part. The world stands at all times badly in need of reform. Much has been done and much remains to be done. Much of the evil of modern times is due to moral considerations, which can only be affected by the cultivation of higher ideals and the elevation of the human heart; much more is due to unequal and unjust conditions in society. These can be remedied by political agencies on socialistic lines. In that sense Socialism is all right—no one need be afraid of it, and no one need be alarmed that humanity will ever so far forget its instincts as to carry Socialism to the length of turning the nations of the world into gigantic Poor Houses.





Canadian Types No. 2.

A FREEMAN.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A. H. H. HEMING.

One who has served his time as a servant to the Hudson's Bay Co. This one in particular—Bill Reid—accompanied Dr. Rae on his overland trip in search of the Franklin exploration party, and was the first person that found traces of the ill-fated expedition, for which he received half of the reward offered by Lady Franklin.



SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

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THE NAVY QUESTION AND THE COLONIES.

BY SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

THE enormous advance made in the great Colonies of Australasia, South Africa and Canada during the Victorian era has naturally attracted attention to the means by which they may be drawn closer to the Mother Country and bound indissolubly to the Empire. It is a question of vital import both to the Colonies and to the United Kingdom. Yet we find a letter in *The Times* of August 15th last, containing the following *ex cathedra* statement :—

“ Either means must be found for including the great self-governing colonies, containing 11,000,000 of our own race, in the system by which the navy is provided and administered, or they must be fairly warned that this cannot be done, and that they must see to their own safety.

On reading this solemn warning to the Colonies that they must pay or go, the intelligent reader would naturally look at the date to see if it was not in the time of George the Third. Finding that it was nearly the end of the nineteenth century, he would seek with alarm for the name of the great statesman who has undertaken to revolutionize the British Constitution. It could not be Mr. Gladstone, that great man whose personal influence in the Parliament of the United Kingdom was even greater than that of Pitt. He stands pledged by a declaration to Canada, as one of a Committee of Lord Palmerston's Government in 1865, consisting of the Duke of Somerset, First Lord of the Admiralty ; Lord de Grey (now Lord Ripon), Secretary of State for War ; Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer ; and Mr. Cardwell, Colonial Secretary, that if Canada would assume certain expenditure for land defence

on the frontier, “ the Imperial Government fully acknowledged the reciprocal obligation of defending every portion of the Empire with all the resources at its command,” and, “ that in case of war it would as a matter of course be the duty of any Government in this country to apply its means of naval defence according to the judgment it might form upon the exigencies of each particular time, and the Canadian Minister might be assured that Her Majesty's Government would not permit itself to be found in such a position as to be unable to discharge its duty in this respect.”

It could not be the Marquis of Salisbury, who stands at the head of the most powerful party this country has ever known, and who has politely met this jejune proposal by intimating that a divided control of the British Navy was not the way to strengthen the Empire. No one who reads Lord Salisbury's statesmanlike speech at Exeter in 1892, need fear his adopting this insulting tone to the Colonies. He said :—

“ What is it that gives to this little island its commanding position ? Why is it that fleets from every nation, from every quarter of the globe, come into your ports ; that the products of countless regions are subject to your industry ; and that the manufactures in which the industry of your people compete are carried to the furthest corners of the globe ? What is it that gives to you this privileged position ? It is that your flag floats over populations far more numerous, and regions far vaster than your own, and that upon the dominion of your Sovereign the sun never sets.”

No statesman of the present day would venture to make such a statement as the one referred to ; as they all, of whatever party, hold the opinion so well expressed by the late Lord

Derby, when in the Little England days Sir William Molesworth moved his famous resolution in favour of a like proposal to relieve the Mother Country from the civil and military expenditure on account of the Colonies. Lord Stanley (as he then was), said:—

"I am compelled to come to the same conclusion as the Under Secretary of State, and with him to believe that the effect of this motion if carried out would be the entire abandonment of the Colonial Empire. To that step I will never consent. I believe it would be an act of political suicide unprecedented in the history of the world."

No, he would be relieved to find, not the signature of anyone having experience in public life, but that of Mr. Arthur H. Loring. It is true, he says, in another paragraph of this modest effusion:—

"In order to effect this it will be necessary to induce these Colonies to contribute to the cost of naval defence, and the people of the United Kingdom to admit the Colonies to a share in the ownership and the administration of the Navy."

I do not believe that any statesman of the United Kingdom who has given the question any consideration can be found who believes the latter part of this proposition to be practicable. I submit, then, that as even Mr. Loring declares it to be essential to his demand, he is bound to show how it is to be accomplished. Does he think that the unity of this great Empire will be promoted by holding the great Colonies up to obloquy by declaring that they are contributing nothing to the defence of the Empire, and are a grievous burden to the taxpayers of this country? How has Canada deserved to be made an object of such contemptuous attack? When Field Marshal Sir Lintorn Simmons was serving in Canada there were 25,000 British troops there paid from the Imperial Exchequer. When Confederation was arranged, every important town in British North America was garrisoned at the expense of the Mother Country. To-day not a British soldier is to be

found in the country except a small force at Halifax, maintained for strategic purposes, and not used in connection with any Canadian necessity; and a force of marines at the important strategic harbor of Esquimaux, maintained at the sole expense of Canada. At the union, the 5,000 miles of British coast on the Atlantic and its fisheries were protected by the British Navy. That service is now performed by seven steam cruisers, owned, armed and maintained by Canada. At the union not a graving dry dock existed in British North America; now they are provided at Esquimaux, Quebec and Halifax, where the largest men-of-war are docked. Before the union British North America was composed of weak and isolated provinces, without the means of inter-communication by rail. The three Maritime Provinces were commercially dependent upon the United States, and in winter Ontario and Quebec had no outlet to the sea except New York, Portland and Boston. The great North-West was the abode of savages, for whose conduct England was responsible. It was only accessible from the Eastern Provinces through a foreign country, and British Columbia was in the same position. Without the expenditure of a dollar by the Mother Country all this has been changed. The rights of the Hudson Bay Company have been extinguished by purchase; the rights of the Indians acquired by treaties religiously observed, at the cost of a million dollars a year; civilization is rapidly changing the condition of the inhabitants, and law and order is maintained by a force of 1,000 mounted police. A great inter-oceanic railway has been constructed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, nearly 4,000 miles long, binding the Provinces together, and opening up 200,000,000 of acres in the fertile prairie district, between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains, to settlement, where millions of British subjects will ere long find happy

homes under the flag of England. The highest military and naval authorities declare this trans-continental railway, which brings Yokohama within 20 days of London, and nearer by 1,000 miles than *via* New York, and enables naval crews, soldiers and guns to be sent from Halifax to the fortifications at Esquimaux in six days, to be of inestimable value to the defence of the Empire. Far in excess of anything we were required to do in virtue of the compact with Lord Palmerston's Government, we arm and train annually about 38,000 volunteers; maintain a small permanent force of three batteries of artillery, two troops of cavalry, and four companies of infantry; maintain nine military schools in the various Provinces, in addition to the Royal Military College at Kingston, which has already furnished eighty officers who stand high in the estimation of the British Army—worthy compeers of Stairs, Robinson and Mackay, who died gloriously upholding the power and prestige of the British flag. I maintain that Canada is as much a portion of the Empire as any part of the United Kingdom, and that the annual expenditure to which she stands pledged of nearly \$12,000,000 per annum for services vital to the defence of the Empire, ought to save her from the misrepresentations that are calculated to undermine the unity of the Empire. The management of the defensive forces of Canada is confided to an officer selected from the Army by the Imperial Government, and the law provides that in case of war the command devolves upon the Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Canada. The Lords of the Admiralty, after the most careful consideration, have placed on record the opinion that no better means exists of strengthening the naval power of the Empire by a moderate outlay than by fast mail steamers built under Admiralty supervision, and prepared to take on armanent and to be available for Her Majesty's service as "Royal

Naval Reserve Cruisers," whenever required by the British Government. Canada stands pledged by Act of Parliament for £190,000 sterling per annum for a fleet of ten such steamships, six of which are now on the Pacific, and four more, that I trust will soon be put on the line between this country and Canada, bringing it and the Mother Country within five days of each other. These cruisers in time of peace will be strengthening the Empire by promoting commerce and inter-communication; be able to maintain that communication by their speed and armament when ordinary mail steamers would be compelled to abandon the route, and be ready if required to carry troops to any part of the world. The past history of Canada warrants the belief that one of the first things for which they would be utilized would be to carry brave Canadian volunteers to any part of the world where the honor or interests of this Empire are threatened.

Let those who sneer at what Canada has done to promote the unity and integrity of the Empire read the testimony borne by Lord Jersey, who so ably represented the Imperial Government at the Conference at Ottawa:

"Suffice it to say that the spirit which inspires me—and, I doubt not, inspires all my colleagues—is one of absolute sympathy with the far seeing policy that has called us together, and could there be any more fitting place than the grand Dominion of Canada? His Excellency has well pointed out her splendid position in this question. It is with wonder that I think of what Canada has done to bring the northern and southern parts of this Empire together. She has linked the two great oceans after an exhibition of courage and constancy and skill which has never been surpassed in the history of the world."

At that conference the representatives of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, united in a proposal to join this country in laying a Pacific cable to Australasia, free from the dangers that beset the existing lines, and declared by the highest military and

naval authorities to be of vital importance to the defence of the Empire. Is the past action of Canada not sufficient to prove that she is not insensible to the responsibility that devolves upon her as a component part of this great Empire, and that in the future, as in the past, she will always be found ready to discharge her duty to the utmost extent of her ability?

When her borders were invaded by a horde of lawless men from the United States, a call for volunteers was eagerly responded to, and in less than twenty-four hours, 14,000 men were converging upon their foes, who were driven back in confusion. When the insurrection in the North-West of half-breeds and Indians took place in 1885, 4,000 volunteers from the Eastern Provinces left their homes in mid-winter and crushed it, at an expense of several lives and \$6,000,000, without calling upon the troops at Halifax for a man. Major-General Brackenbury has put on record the fact that the success of the Nile expedition was due to the French Canadian voyageurs, who responded with alacrity to the call of Lord Wolesley, who knew by experience their value. A short time ago, when there were threatenings in the East, I was directed to place a regiment of Royal Canadian Infantry at the service of the Imperial Government, to be maintained by Canada. The protection of the flag of England is of inestimable value to Canada, and is deeply prized, but I deny that Canada costs this country a single dollar for any purpose whatever, either civil, military or naval. Does any intelligent man believe that if Canada were driven out of the Empire, and compelled to become part of the American Republic, that England, which now possesses the finest ports and the most valuable coal mines on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, would be strengthened by having neither the one nor the other on the Continent of North America, or that her power would be increased by having the arsenals and

port of the Gibraltar of America in the hands of a foreign power, advanced 600 hundred miles nearer this country than at present, or that her trade would be improved by driving 5,000,000 of loyal Canadians, at no distant date to be 50,000,000, behind the McKinley Tariff? No! instead of being able to reduce her army by a man, or her navy by a ship, she would be compelled to increase both largely to maintain her present power and influence. Believing, as I do, that the greatness of the Empire and the progress and growth of the Colonies, alike, depend upon maintaining indissolubly the connection between them, I need not add how intensely I have been pleased to see this insidious and mischievous proposal, calculated to disturb the happy relations now existing between the Colonies and the Mother Country, repudiated, as it has been, by the all but unanimous voice of the press.

In reference to the proposal of Mr. Loring and his Committee, *The Times* of September 7th, says:—

"Lord Salisbury, in acknowledging the communication of the Committee, remarks very particularly that 'it appears to be open to doubt whether the scheme proposed could be carried out in such a manner as to avoid the evil of a divided control of the Navy.' The Committee, in their reply, endeavor to meet this very serious objection, but in our judgment, they do so with very indifferent success. * * * The colonies are to be invited to share the control and the administration of the navy, in consideration of a contribution to be made by them towards the cost of its maintenance; and the committee express the truly astonishing opinion that 'a change of the kind suggested need not necessarily lead to any serious alteration in the present methods of controlling and directing the Royal Navy. We really must protest against a proposal to shift the centre of gravity of the British Empire in this light hearted fashion.' * * * The Navy exists primarily for the defence security and prosperity of the United Kingdom. The defence, security and prosperity of the United Kingdom depends on a world-wide maritime commerce. If, solely for the sake of argument, we assume for a moment that no single colony retains its connection with the mother country, it by no means follows that the cost of

the naval defence of the United Kingdom, with its world-wide maritime interests, would be reduced to any appreciable extent. *

* * Thus the gratuitous defence of the British Colonies by the Navy, is perhaps the strongest bond of Imperial union that could be devised, because the Colonies obtain an appreciable advantage at little or no appreciable cost to the Mother Country. It is certain that the colonies would be less secure if they could no longer rely on the protection of the Navy; it is by no means certain that the cost of the naval defence of the United Kingdom and its commerce would be materially diminished if the Navy were relieved of the responsibility of defending the Colonies."

Again, *The Times* of October 2nd, says:—

"Hence the suggestion of the Committee, may, perhaps, be paraphrased as follows:— It is to the interest of the Colonies to contribute to the cost of the Navy; it is to the interest of the United Kingdom to encourage them so to contribute by affording them a share in the administration of the Navy corresponding to their contributions. The first proposition is not altogether indisputable, as we showed on a former occasion. The second proposition is, in our judgment, mischievous so far as it has any meaning, and unmeaning as far as it is not directly mischievous. Unless Mr. Loring, or the Committee he represents, can succeed in defining its meaning, and, at the same time, in purging it of the mischief, it seems to us to be little better than waste of time to discuss it as an issue of practical politics. Thus the whole stress of the argument manifestly turns on the meaning to be assigned to the words, 'a share in the administration of the Navy.' If it were proposed to give the Colonies a share in the control of the Navy, every one would see at once that such a proposal involved a complete subversion of the constitution of the United Kingdom, yet, if the word administration means anything less than this, it means nothing to the point." * * * "But such a liability can only be realized on the terms suggested by Mr. Loring and his associates, either by an antecedent federation of the Empire, or by fatally weakening the authority, initiative, and independence of the supreme organ of Imperial policy. In other words, the Committee represented by Mr. Loring is, as Sir Frederick Young has pointed out, busily and not very profitably engaged in 'putting the cart before the horse.' Either the time is ripe for a federal constitution of the Empire, or it is not. If it is, the only logical, safe and prudent course is to organize the Empire on a federal basis, involving, as it would, the establishment of a system of common defence. If it is not, the establishment of a system of common defence

such as Mr. Loring recommends, cannot lead to the federation of the Empire, and failing to lead to it, must make for confusion, disruption and overthrow, by fatally impairing the efficiency and potency of the force which, as at present controlled and administered, guarantees the maritime security of every part of the Empire, maintains the stability and continuity of Imperial policy, and thereby sustains the loyalty and patriotism of every worthy subject of the British Empire."

* * * And again, *The Times* of October 19th, says:—

"In the first place, we may repeat what we said on Tuesday, that 'it must be clearly and without hesitation admitted that adequate naval defence of the United Kingdom and its world-wide commerce, involves the defence of the Colonies also; that, in fact, the maritime defence of the Colonies is a by-product of that naval supremacy which is vital to our very existence as a nation.' We can for this reason give no support whatever to any appeal to Colonial sentiment and opinion, which is founded directly or indirectly on the supposed requirements of local maritime defence." * * * "In point of fact, the maritime defence of the Colonies adds little or nothing to the burden which the British taxpayer must bear in his own paramount interests, even if no Colonies were in question. Our maritime commerce is the very life-blood of the nation. In order to maintain its circulation unimpaired in time of war, the British Navy must be in strategic command of all the seas of the world. The United Kingdom has thus the strongest possible motive—that of self-preservation—for maintaining a naval defence adequate to its needs, and as the greater includes the less, a naval defence adequate to the needs of the United Kingdom and its commerce is more than equal to the local maritime defence of all parts of the Empire." * * * "But, inasmuch as the maritime security of the Colonies is necessarily involved in an adequate naval defence of the United Kingdom and its commerce, the control and disposition of the latter must always remain unconditionally in the hands of the responsible Government of the United Kingdom." * * *

The *Economist* of September 7th says:

"The Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee has, of course, no other object than to maintain the Empire, and to promote good feeling between all the white subjects of the Queen. It is, however, impossible to read the letter they have recently addressed to Lord Salisbury, and the two little pamphlets issued with it, and not to realize that the

effect of their action is very likely to be exactly the reverse of that intended, and to cause ill rather than good feeling in the Empire. The propositions labored by the committee are, unhappily, calculated to give offence both in the Colonies and at home. They will seem to the colonists to embody an assertion that the Colonies are shirking their fair share of the work of defence. The electors of the United Kingdom will, on the other hand, feel themselves described as foolishly doing what is really somebody else's business." * * *

"Of course, in both cases, the conclusions are very partial and very foolish, but that will not prevent their being freely indulged in if a controversy is raised over the question of colonial defence on the lines laid down in the pamphlets of the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee. Curiously enough it was the raising of these very points in a muddle-headed and ill-considered way which brought on the War of Independence, and lost us the American Colonies" * * *

"At present our relations with our Colonies are of a very satisfactory and friendly kind. For Heaven's sake then, let us leave them alone, and not rush upon new plans in the hope of obtaining an ideal arrangement. In reality, the scheme of the Defence Committee is negatived by two capital considerations, which though touched on above may be thus re-stated. The first affects us, the second the Colonies. If the Colonies contribute to the Navy, they must not only help to control the Navy, but they must have a voice in the use of the Navy. But a voice in the use of the Navy means that they must help control our foreign policy; and the people of Great Britain are, at present at any rate, not prepared to give up any part of the control of their foreign policy. They would consider a contribution to the Navy bought far too dear if it had to be paid by resigning the sole control of their foreign policy. But as we have shown, the colonists could not be expected to contribute to the Navy, and then be debarred from any share in the ultimate direction." * * *

The *Spectator* of September 14th says:

"We will not yield to any one in our desire to see the Empire strong and united, and bound together in what Burke called 'an English communion.' It is because we so strongly desire that the present ties which bind us and the Colonies together shall not be strained and injured, that we very greatly regret the steps that have been lately taken by a well-meaning, but injudicious, body, which calls itself the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee. The aim of these persons—the maintenance of the Empire—is excellent, but their way of carrying out their

aim is, in our opinion at least, directly calculated to bring nearer what the Defence Committee desire above all things to avoid—the destruction of the Empire. They want to bring England and the Colonies nearer together, and to do so they use language which will not only tend to make the electors here dissatisfied with the Empire, on the ground that the Mother Country is injured by the Colonies failing to contribute to the Navy, but will, at the same time, make the colonists suspicious that there are schemes afoot for making them pay a tribute to England under the guise of a contribution to the Navy. We make Englishmen discontented with the Colonies as a burden, and angry with the colonists as men who selfishly and meanly refuse to contribute to their defence, but leave other people to do the work, and at the same time enable the hot-headed colonists to talk of the revival of the spirit which animated Lord North and George the Third, is a singular achievement for men who are sincerely anxious to keep the Empire united. Yet, unfortunately that, or something very like it, would be the effect of a wide circulation of the proposals of the Defence Committee. So true it is that good intentions are often as injurious as evil acts. * * * We wish that those who drew it up would consult Burke's speech on conciliation with America. They will find there an infinitely truer view of what should be our position towards the Colonies. But even on hard practical grounds, the notion of getting money contributions for the Navy, and giving the Colonies a right to help control our fleets, is a delusion. To make the Empire safe, the control of the Navy must be centralized in the Parliament and Administration at Westminster. * * *

* * * Our fleet under the Admiralty will not really be increased if we get £1,000,000 a year in colonial subsidies; we shall, in the long run, only decrease the estimates by that amount." * * *

The *Advertiser* of September 7th says:

"The Premier fastens upon one weak point in the suggestions of the memorialists. They propose that the Colonies should be invited to contribute to the cost of the Navy, on the understanding that steps shall be taken to afford to them a share in the administration corresponding to their contribution. Lord Salisbury thinks it open to doubt whether this proposal could be carried out so as to avoid the evil of a divided control of the Navy. The phrase 'open to doubt' is a very mild condemnation of an obviously impracticable idea. The scheme could not be carried out, and it is a waste of time to argue in its favor. The suggestion of the committee could only have even a meaning if we were prepared to establish a Parliament of

the Empire, such as some people have dreamed of, in which the colonists would be represented." * * *

The World of September 18th says :

"A good deal of fuss has been made by some well-meaning, but mistaken, persons about the supposed duty of the Colonies—at all events, Canada and the Cape—to contribute something to the maintenance of our Navy. Australasia does do something of the kind already, but in the wrong kind of way. The Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee's demand, in a letter to Lord Salisbury, that the Colonies should be asked to take part of the burden of the Navy on their own shoulders, and that, when they do, they should be given a share in its administration. Now, this would never do. If the Empire is to be safe, the control of the Navy must be centralized in the British Parliament, as it is now. I do not think that any money contributions to the British Navy from Colonial Governments would in any sense be wise."

The Standard of September 6th says :

"The great difficulty, as Lord Salisbury points out, is that to associate the Colonies in the administration of the naval forces of the Empire would be to incur the fatal risk of divided control. It is hardly a sufficient answer to point out, as the Committee does, that to some extent this danger is incurred already. The evil is one to be remedied rather than extended."

The Army and Navy Gazette of September 14th says :

"Practically the difficulties are enormous, and the benefits of the result are far from being demonstrated. This will be seen on investigation of the proposal as laid before the Government. It is urged to invite the self-governing Colonies of North America, Australasia, and South Africa, 'to consider the propriety of contributing to the maintenance of the Royal Navy, on the understanding that steps will be taken to afford them a share in its administration corresponding to their contributions.' As Lord Salisbury said in reply to this suggestion, 'it appears open to doubt whether the scheme proposed could be carried out in such a manner as to avoid the evil of a divided control of the Navy.' The problem, which looked easy enough in theory, is really one particularly difficult of

solution. If the colonists do not care to subscribe until they are promised a voice in the control of the Navy, then they will not subscribe at all, for unity of administration is the indispensable condition of effective defence."

The National Observer of September 21st says :

"It only proposes that Her Majesty's Ministers should institute enquiries. Before we do that there are however, two preliminary questions to be settled. The first is, can we afford to make the experiment of establishing, or even endeavoring to establish, this very vaguely indicated form of administration in which the Colonies are to have a voice in proportion to their contribution? The second is, do they want anything of the kind? Lord Salisbury hit a very weak spot indeed in the pious imagination of the Committee when he instructed his Secretary to point out that, 'it appears, however, to be open to doubt whether the scheme proposed could be carried out in such a manner as to avoid the evil of a divided control of the Navy.' The Committee's assertion that it could is not enough. Before we go further we ought to know what it is we are prepared to concede. To begin discussing an aspiration is at the best a waste of time, and when it is not improbable that incompatible views will be found to exist on either side, then it is worse, for it may only lead to conflicts of opinion which might never have arisen but for the discussion."

The Colonies and India of September 28th says :

"The Imperial Federation (Defence) League do not appear to have made much out of their recent burst of activity. The leading organs of the press severely criticize their suggestions, not only because they are not calculated to carry out the objects of the League, but because of the important question of the divided control of the Navy which they introduce. Instead of cementing the union between the different parts of the Empire, the proposals of the League seem calculated to promote ill-feeling in the Colonies, especially in view of the language in which they have been formulated. The policy they advocate has, however, received so little encouragement that, if the few gentlemen who are at the back of it are wise in their generation we shall hear no more about it."

CANADA !

OUR great Dominion, glorious land,
 Broad as the continent and grand ;
 Bound on the east and on the west
 With oceans' waves, which know no rest.
 Thy territories reach the pole—
 Regions which none but God control !
 Wrapped in a garb cold, white and pure,
 In frost's strong grip, ice-sealed, secure,
 And yet no fairer land on earth,
 No land more free from plague and dearth ;
 Health flows from every mountain breeze,
 From inland seas and forest trees.
 Thy streams run deep and broad and vast,
 Majestic, ever rolling past ;
 Creating lakes—a stately chain,—
 Till lost in ocean's boundless main.
 Thy mountains, rugged, strong and high,
 Whose peaks rise upward to the sky,
 As solid bulwarks nobly stand,
 Glory and pride of all our land.
 Rich is the wealth which they contain,
 Immense and priceless, golden vein ;
 And metals of a baser kind,
 Illimitable there we find.
 Thy forests great and unexplored,
 With poplars, pine and maple stored ;
 And oak, and firs and timber vast
 Through many ages yet shall last.
 Thy rivers and thy lakes abound
 In finny tribes—rich fishing ground.
 Great Canada ! thy bounties rare,
 Nature's great treasure-house so fair ;
 So blest with God's abundant hand,
 To make a nation strong and grand.
 So may thy blessings ever be
 Thy glory and prosperity,
 And as the ages come and go,
 May providence much more bestow,—
 Grace, wisdom and a thankful mind ;
 Thy sons and daughters more inclined
 To honour Him who honours them,
 (Their greater comforts ne'er condemn),
 But as on stepping-stones may rise
 To noble deeds and sacrifice ;
 And as thy flag flies in the breeze,
 At home, or on the distant seas,
 May every nation, every land,
 Far off, or near, on every strand,
 Know it among the ensigns few,
 An emblem of the good and true.
 And may its graceful folds ne'er lack
 The Maple Leaf and Union Jack.

London, Ont.

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

THE CORNFLOWER.

The Story of a Prairie Cornfield.

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

WE had finished planting the west eighty-acre field. The toe of my number nine boot was just pressing down the earth over the last hill of corn when our chore-boy hove in sight.

He was a curious bit of humanity that chore-boy. If I ever gave him two things to do, he proceeded at once to mix them up, or to forget all about one, or both. But let my sister Mary give him orders enough to puzzle the sharpest, and he'd carry them out. Sometimes I'd interfere. "What's the use of wasting your breath on the loon?" I'd say, and Mary would set her lips in a thin line, and remark, "He knows better than to forget." And it really seemed that he did.

Now, he seemed greatly excited. Up through the fresh-worked soil he came, making all sorts of signs to me. Presently I made out that I was wanted up to the house, and no dallying 'round on the road. Being a slow fellow, and pretty well used to Mary's urgent messages, I didn't put myself out any.

Half-way up the lane I stopped to light my pipe—did it on principle. Many a time I've proved the wisdom of having a pipe between my lips; it keeps the temper even and the tongue still. A man doesn't get to be forty without learning a few such lessons, especially if his house, his man-servant, his maid-servant, his ox, and his ass, and all that is within his gates, are ruled by an affectionate, despotic, elder sister. So I went along, puffing away, and quite unprepared for the shot fired by the chore-boy from the rear:

"Say, boss, there's a daisy of a girl up to the house waitin' to see you. You'd better get a move on."

"What do you mean, sauce-box?" I said, turning angrily on him.

"Well, it's so, anyway. And the missis says you're to hurry up and settle 'bout the new schoolma'am."

Now, education is a good thing. I believe in it, and my father gave me all he could afford of it before I left Canada for this big prairie country to set about making a fortune; and when, with time, came experience and a goodly share of this world's goods, I was strong on it. No boy or girl should grow up in Millet county without the chance to get book-learning while I had my way. It gave me some worry, cost me some money, but never had I felt the wish to be free of it all until that boy delivered his news. There I stood, forgetting to draw on my pipe-stem, while up in Mary's prim sitting-room a girl waited to interview the head trustee of school section number seven.

I didn't know many women. Mary was about the only one I was on intimate terms with, and, heaven knows, I never pretended to understand her. The teachers who had come heretofore—well, there had been no 'daisies' among them—either elderly, sober men, or bright young fellows, earning the wherewithal to go through college. They had all deferred to me, and made much of my opinion, so we'd had no trouble. It seemed ridiculous that a man of my age and standing should be afraid of facing a bit of a girl, but they say everyone is a coward of something—a lion, a mouse, a mad dog. It was

girls with me. I couldn't bear them, that is I wanted no business or social relations with them. They were all right as a part, a necessary part, of a community, but I wanted no closer knowledge of them. Collectively they were not so bad, but individually nothing but a source of embarrassment.

I took a look at the old brown school-house just below to sort of encourage myself as I went, making up my mind to put up with it all like a stoic. She would giggle, of course, and blush, and shirk answering half the necessary questions.

Then I walked in and made the acquaintance of Miss Elizabeth Baker. It wasn't such a trial after all. Nothing could be more business-like and matter of fact than this first interview. She had a way of looking straight up at me—I was a lot the taller—and of coming right to the point on every subject that made me feel at ease with her right from the start. In truth I felt rather pleased than otherwise when the agreement was duly signed.

A month later she began her duties in the brown school-house, taking up her residence with the widow Graves across the road from us, and we naturally saw a lot of each other as time went on.

It beat all, the interest in education which sprung up in the neighborhood, I never saw the like of it. Strange to say it confined itself chiefly to the young men. Planting over, why every lad was for taking a term at school. Great louts of eighteen or thereabouts, who had avowed their school days at an end several years before, grew so studious you'd never believe it. On my first official visit two months after her arrival every seat was filled, a full dozen of our best young men were busy with book and slate. It was enough to make a man like myself interested in the education of youth, especially the youth of Millet County, feel that he hadn't labored in vain.

I don't deny it—I felt proud, and told Mary so that night at supper.

She was contrary enough to make all sorts of fun of the whole thing.

"You're blind as a bat, John, she said." "A heap Jem Buck, and Dick Ford, and the rest of that crew care about learning or about anything else but mischief. Didn't I try to get Jem to study Webster's spelling-book long enough ago, and he looked me in the eyes brazen as possible and said, 'thank you ma'am, but I've got tickets enough.'"

"What did he mean anyway?" I'm very patient with Mary. I have to be.

"When he was little he of course was given tickets when he earned them by good behavior and well-learned lessons, and the impudent fellow meant he'd outgrown such things as Webster's spelling-book. They're all alike. And its too silly in you believing all that nonsense about making up for lost time, when its just to make eyes at that pretty teacher they go and for nothing else."

"But I judge from the talk—"

"Talk!" she snapped, as she passed me the honey. "Actions speak louder than words, and the actions of these lads speak loud enough to be heard from one end of Millet county to the other. You're a ninny, John. Half of them are in love with Elizabeth Baker now, and the other half will follow suit, and you mark my words."

I did mark them, with an uneasy feeling let it be said, for not only was I interested in school matters in general, but I was beginning to feel a paternal interest in schoolma'ams, or to speak accurately, as I love to do, a schoolma'am.

Elizabeth Baker (she told me the home folks called her Betty—a pretty name), was from the city, and our wide prairies seemed a great and wonderful thing to her. She had odd little ways and fancies, and to watch our west eighty-acre field was one of them. I'd find her there after four on school days and on Saturday afternoons sometimes. She got used to seeing me about. Sometimes she'd go on quiet, and seeming

glad to be so alone; at other times she'd come up and watch me at my work, hoeing or cultivating, and talk all sorts of pleasant nonsense.

"I love to watch the sun-mother, kissing and coaxing each stalk to grow," she'd say. "You were planting it when I arrived on the scene, you know. And you were vexed with me because I was a girl." She had the gayest laugh! "How the fields stretch out! There will be a great rustling of silk some of these days, won't there?"

"Ripe corn is a pretty thing," I'd return, just to make talk, "but I like to see it growing."

She had a way of drawing the slim green stalks through her pink palms that was as nice a thing as a man need wish to look at.

"The wind is in love with it and so is the sun. They try to outstay each other every day. The sun will pretend to be young still at five o'clock, hoping the wind will go off discouraged. Now let us watch him go lingeringly down, and by and by we'll see the wind come back to stir it and whisper to it and give it good-night."

All this and more. I liked her fancies though I couldn't follow them, being of a slow turn by nature. But I knew where the bluest cornflowers grew, and I picked handfuls of them for her to wear in her belt. They looked well, and matched her eyes.

By and by I took to calling her 'Cornflower.' She'd laugh, and say, "A pretty name, Mr. Holmes, almost as pretty as Betty."

I tell you that was a summer! Such sunshine and showers as the days were crammed with! And the nights were beautiful, dewy and soft and warm, and covered over and wrapped up in stars. No wonder the corn shot up full and strong. Nothing could help growing with all its might. Our west eighty-acre field was worth looking at I can tell you, and when the ripeness touched it, and spread and deepened over it, 'twas like going to

church to me—made me think of the streets of gold, and such.

About this time I made a discovery—and kept it to myself. Going along the road one day I met another trustee, Dave Clark by name, and stopped to mention a little business matter to him. He was rather short in his answers, and after a while I got hold of his grievance. He was all behind with his work, and his nephew, Jem Buck, wouldn't quit school to help him along not for love or money.

"You ought to feel proud of that lad, Dave," I said. "He's got a future before him."

I'd heard this saying, about having a future, at a convention, and rather liked the high-sounding run of it, but Dave gave a snort of incredulity.

"Can't get a boy to take hold of a hoe any more," he went on. "They're married to the grammar and spelling-book. The idea of such great lubbers goin' to school! It's that pesky school-ma'am: she's bewitched 'em I think. Every fool one of 'em is head and heels in love with your Miss Baker, an' my work can go to the dogs of course."

My Miss Baker, indeed!

I went my way in a thoughtful mood. In love with her were they?

It was at this juncture that I made the discovery—the boys were in love, head over heels in love—and *I knew pretty well how they felt.*

Right here an old saying of Mary's came up before me. "Poor John! he's had about every disease he could manage to catch, but he's missed the love fever. We're not a 'falling in love' family, we Holmeses." I wondered grimly if she'd discover the symptoms of this disease in me. Once she had pounced on me, and put noxious drugs in me, and hot flannels and irons to me, before I knew I was taking measles. It saved my life she said. Now if she'd only been as clear-sighted in this later and more serious thing!

It had taken me unawares, one might say. I'd made myself believe that the pleasure I took in the society

of this young girl, in watching her, in listening to her quaint speeches, was a natural thing and not due to a foolish weakness of the heart. Love, you see, had kept his distance when I was young, and who would think of him taking liberties with an old foggy like myself? It was a comfort to me to know that Mary had not guessed, nor had Elizabeth Baker guessed, and neither of them would ever know 'till the Judgment day when there'll be so many secrets flying about that one more or less won't count.

I wasn't really sorry over it all. Love is a curious thing, it makes a man see better and hear better. There is youth in it, the old lover is a boy for the nonce.

Those walks on Saturdays, those chance meetings in the quiet lanes, the hand-clasp after service on Sunday afternoons, even the business meetings had been good to me. I had worked my farm, and made my bargains, and been the same shrewd farmer as of old in a way, and yet the difference was there. I knew it as I walked home that day, something had come into my quiet life. The softness of the summer days and nights, the gold on the ripening fields, the blue of the skies, the new sweetness in flower and leaf, had grown out of it. There isn't much satisfaction in lying to oneself in a matter of this kind. I didn't begin it.

I looked in the looking-glass that night, and saw what might have knocked the romance out of any man's head. Not that I was what would be called an ill-looking fellow. Indeed Mary was never backward in asserting that my looks were the best part of me. Big and broad-shouldered, a stubborn jaw, wide forehead, and dark eyes—not a bad picture, if old Time hadn't ploughed his furrows over it, and sprinkled a little of his dust on my head. I sighed as I looked. Energy and money had procured me many a coveted thing, but they could not work miracles—they could not

make me once more the penniless young fellow who had staked his claim and begun his life with ambitions as far-stretching as the rolling prairies. An odd sense of defeat took hold of me. Learned things, kind things, pleasant womanly things she had said to me, but to save my life the only thing I could call to mind for a while was a laughing remark of hers, "Oh Mr. Holmes, don't you sometimes feel like the father of Millet county?"

The very next day she came to speak to me on school affairs. A child had taken the fever, and she was for shouldering the blame on me. She had been urging us to put down a new well for some time. The old one had caved in, and the youngsters had been getting water in the creek just below. It should have been attended to, but I wasn't in good humor. Besides, I didn't like the way she spoke.

"I'll see to it when the rush of work is over," I said, and went on sharpening my sickle.

"The school-house is in a bad state of repair," she persisted. "It should be raised from the ground and freshly plastered, before cold weather comes. It isn't right to neglect such things."

I wasn't used to being told my business. No school-teacher had ever spoken to me in this way—to me, John Holmes, Chairman of the Trustee Board, and one of the most level-headed men in Millet county.

"It shall be attended to when the rush of work is over," I repeated.

The way she flared up was a surprise to me.

"In the meantime my pupils may risk their lives every hour in the day. You are doing wrong, sir." Her blue eyes seemed to hold only contempt.

"Nonsense," I said stubbornly, "they are no worse off than lots of others. I'll see to it after awhile."

"One is already very low with the fever, and two others are sickening, and you say 'after awhile.' It's wrong, it's a shame, a burning shame Mr.

Holmes. I am both pained and surprised."

"I thought you a gentle, lady-like girl, Miss Baker."

"And I thought you a just and honorable man, Mr. Holmes."

There we stood facing each other. I wasn't prepared for rank mutiny, I was just a little afraid of Miss Baker. Surely 'twas years ago I called her 'Cornflower!' But I had my dignity to keep up. Never had Millet county heard of such presumption on the part of a teacher.

"I'm a plain old fellow," I said at length, "and I must tell you that you are taking a liberty in dictating to me in this matter. You'll own as much when you recover your temper."

She winced a little, and I felt I was a brute. But my self-love had been roughly handled of late by this same slip of a girl, so I went on coolly, "You are hired to teach, and I'd just suggest that you attend to your own work and leave mine alone. No good comes of meddling."

The color died out of her cheeks, the flash faded from her eyes.

"Remember," she said quietly, that the cry of a little suffering child goes straight to the ears of God. Who would care to be an unjust steward!" She made me a little bow and walked off like a princess.

By night I was ashamed. I might have been by noon if she hadn't as much as called me the father of Millet county.

"There'll be a heavy frost to-night," one of my men said as we came home to supper, "the air is full of it already."

I was about to give him some orders about the newly-dug potatoes, when the chore boy of whom I've spoken broke in on us. He was looking half-scared, half-glad, and altogether idiotic.

"Well, what is it now?" I asked, irritably.

"Oh nothin', only Miss Baker's gone and got herself lost somewhere."

Without a word, with scarcely a moment's hesitation, I turned and went westward, for I knew in a minute that somehow she'd lost her way in the forest of tall ripened corn which covered that eighty-acre lot. In one spot, shortly after I entered, I came across the bow of ribbon she had worn at her neck; farther in I found the prints of her high-heeled boots in the soft ground between the tall rows of tasseled stuff. Would she be scared? I hurried on. The sun went down and left the world peaceful and good; the stars came out in the deep blue overhead, a wild bird went singing to its home and mate and little ones. Nature touches me mightily at times, the quiet of the evening made itself felt. It grew so dark I couldn't trace her, but I went on boldly, and by and by came on a forlorn little figure.

Oh, Miss Baker! When you started off with your frock tucked carefully above the dimity petticoat to keep it from the dust, and your sailor hat sitting jauntily on your brown head, you never expected to meet with this adventure! She was sitting on the ground, and when she heard my step she lifted a sad and tired face in greeting. Naturally I forgot a good deal I'd intended remembering, when the smile came to her lips, and she lifted two little hands to me half in welcome, half in appeal. I noticed that her eyes were red with crying, and her hair in disorder about her face.

"Betty!" I said, and would have added something eloquent only that I couldn't think of anything.

There was only the rustling of the corn about us.

"Betty!" I repeated, being moved to it in spite of myself.

"Betty!"

Now I am not going to try to explain to myself or to any one else how that one word told so much. I only know that the first Betty told her I was ashamed of myself, that no more fever-stricken children would be piled on my conscience for all time; the

second Betty told her I'd be glad to put down a well with a pump and a drinking cup, but what the third Betty told her only she and I know, and she made answer with her heart upon mine. When the night of my last day comes, the memory of these minutes will be fresh and unfaded.

I had to break the intelligence to Mary. Her comment was characteristic of her.

"John," she said solemnly, "there's no fool like an old fool the world over."

I laughed at her. From away back among the past mile-posts my youth came skipping to keep company with love as is his custom. I enjoyed laughing.

"I'm in love with her, Mary; she's in love with me, Mary, and if this means being a fool, why, I only ask to be a fool 'till the end of time. How's that, Mary?"

And I snapped my thumb and finger derisively, a thing I hadn't dared to do for a score of years.

"Keep your mind on your farm, it will pay best," she said.

"Oh, as for that there's better things than land and dollars and dimes, and they're going to be mine

by the grace of God." I took off my hat, feeling this last was a sort of prayer.

* * * * *

It is September. The gold lies on the land everywhere, the gold of wheat stubble, and of ripened corn. At Christmas we will celebrate the fourth anniversary of our marriage. I haven't added any acres to the homestead, nor put any money in the bank, yet I'm a richer man by far than I used to be. There's a boy with his father's black eyes and sturdy constitution who rules the house. Just lately a blue-eyed girl baby came to share the job with him.

Sister Mary thinks the world of them. She is improving, actually getting funny. To-day, as I drove the cows down the lane to water, my Betty came to the door and called out:—

"John, please find the boy, he's toddled off in the corn, bless his little heart!"

"Hurry up, John," called Mary, "You know it runs in his family to get lost in a field of corn."

This was so nearly a joke on Mary's part that we all laughed by way of encouragement.

"CHINOOK."

The air is soft and mild this winter morn,
The sky is veiled in fleecy mist and drest
In silver grey, while from the bland south-west
Comes the moist wind, the poplars to adorn
With crystal frieze, half-smiling, as in scorn
Of gems so lavish, motionless they rest,
Down-drooping calmly on each aged breast;
Frost-fretted twigs, of coming thaw to warn,
Far, far around the whitened bluffs are seen;
Their leaden look becoming snowy white
As the rime thickens, and a silver sheen
Glints rosily within the sunbeam's fitful light,
While far and near upon the charmed trees
Are woven soft a thousand tracteries.

"CON DELL."

Old Fort Carlton, Sask., N.W.T.

THE NOR' WESTER.

The sky is clear, the air is keen,
The snow-drifts lie the bluffs between
In fleecy fold on fold ;
Against the sky the poplars lean
Their branches, thin and cold.

We follow in the woodman's tracks,
And hear the echo of the axe
Resounding from the bush,
And listen to the throbbing cracks
In ceaseless wave and hush.

Beside the bluff the cayuse stands,
His rough mane torn to dragged strands,
His eye and ear adoze ;
He waits the touch of driver's hands,
When the load homeward goes.

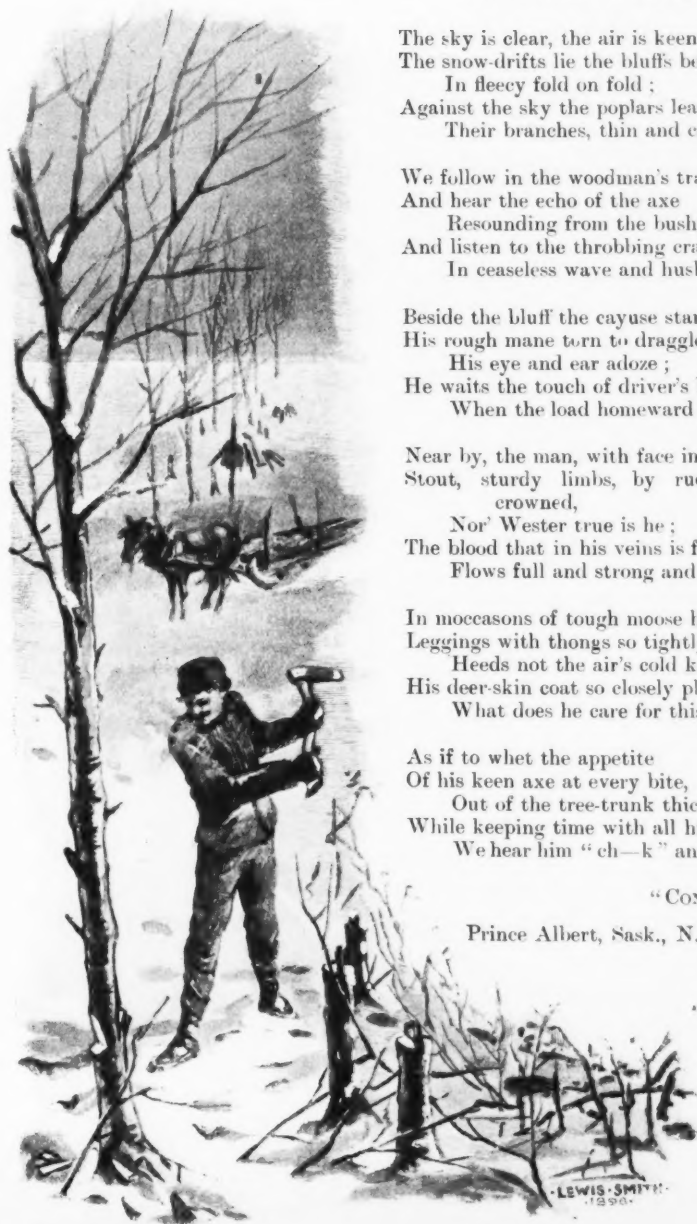
Near by, the man, with face imbrowned,
Stout, sturdy limbs, by rude health
crowned,
Nor' Wester true is he ;
The blood that in his veins is found,
Flows full and strong and free.

In moccasins of tough moose hide,
Leggings with thongs so tightly tied,
Heeds not the air's cold kiss ;
His deer-skin coat so closely plied,
What does he care for this ?

As if to whet the appetite
Of his keen axe at every bite,
Out of the tree-trunk thick ;
While keeping time with all his might,
We hear him "ch—k" and "ch—k."

"CON DELL."

Prince Albert, Sask., N.W.T.



DRAWN BY LEWIS SMITH.

TWO BEAUTIES OF THE BAGKWOODS.

BY C. C. FARR.

With Illustrations by A. H. H. Heming.

PART II.*



N the meantime the snow had ceased, the moon shone clear and bright. To the north and north-west the clouds hung black and threatening, but as they were apparently receding, there was every prospect of the night being fine. For some miles Harry and Harold walked in comparative silence past the Chief's Island, where the spirit of the wicked chief who, though wicked was not wily enough to circumvent his enemies, was said to roam; but they saw him not; past the great limestone island, which, white and glistening, fronts the awful precipice where the enchanted frog lured the sacrilegious Indian to his doom; past the island of drunkenness, where, in days gone by, the Indians assembled to drink the firewater so lavishly supplied them by the Hudson's Bay Company, and many a tale of bloodshed and of murder could these silent shores have told if they could only speak.

"How still and silent it all seems," said Harry. "What a contrast is all this to the bustle of civilization. Not a sound except the creaking of our snowshoes have we heard since we left those abominable Indians. I wonder if there are any wolves here,

Harold. We only need a hairbreadth escape from wolves to complete our adventures."

"The wolf, my dear boy," answered the philosophical Harold, "is another favorite theme of the constitutional liar. When in Mattawa, I was told to beware of the wolves up here, as they were numerous and bloodthirsty. Mr. McTavish told me the other day that during his thirty years experience in this country, he had neither seen one nor heard one. An old fellow to whom I had stood a drink, and who evidently hoped for another, told me an excellent wolf story while we were in Mattawa, and I will tell it to you, so be prepared at this weird hour and in this silent land to hear a tale that shall fill your romantic and imaginative soul with horror, and to quote from the immortal Shakespeare, 'make your knotted and combined locks to stand on end like quills of a fretful porcupine.'"

"It appears that years ago—every impossibility happens years ago—a man had occasion to walk some distance through the bush alone. It was not very far from this identical Lake Temiscamingue, the lake of deep waters. Night overtook him, and ere long he heard the first faint cry or whimper. Had he been driving a horse, the horse too would have heard it, and at this juncture would have set back his ears and shown every sign of distress. However, he had no horse, which rather detracts from its interest as a wolf story. Need I tell you that ere long, that first faint whimper rolled up into an awful roar, and he

*This second part of the story opens with the two young men returning from the Indian camp at the head of Lake Temiscamingue.

knew that he was pursued by wolves. Closer and closer they came, and the panting traveller knew that there was no other alternative but to set his back against a rock and fight for dear life. I spare you all the details of

The clubbing business of course came next, with the concomitant 'hot breath' and 'angry springs.' Then all was over. Nothing was left of the man but his boots, which, on account of his being fresh from England, were studded on the soles with nails, and the wolves could not eat them. You will notice that there is a trifling improvement in this version of the old yarn. There is no 'distant baying of the faithful hound,' nor are there heard the 'encouraging shouts of his friends coming to his rescue,' nor even does the 'welcome gleam of the farm house light' come into play, and above all the man who apparently was not a bad soul, and certainly not the double-dyed villain of a tale, is happily dead and done for. Of course all this was an encouraging feature about the yarn, but still I must have shown signs of a lack of faith, for the old fellow got quite hot about it, complaining of my 'sneerin' way,' as he called it, and finally, when I allowed that it might be true, but that such tales need proof, he answered, 'Proof d'ye want? Why there's proof enough to start a religion, man. The rock's there, and yer can see it to this day, if yer don't believe it.' "

"I need hardly say, Harry, that I stood that man the expected drink, and thought he earned it. I say! how dark it's grown all of a sudden. Listen! What's that roaring noise? It sounds like the wind."

Instinctively, they turned their faces to the north, and were met by a gust of icy wind, a puff, followed by another colder still, and carrying a little snow.

They saw, as it were, a white mist descending on the hills on either side. Suddenly they were enveloped in a driving sheet of snow, not the soft, large flakes of an ordinary snow-storm, but a blinding, stinging dust, like grains of sand, and sharp as needles.

Everything was blotted out from sight,—to right, to left,—in front,



LILIAN.

'lolling tongues' 'fiery eyes' and 'bristling manes.' I regret that I have to inform you that he had his trusty rifle with him, and that he slew numbers while his ammunition lasted.

behind, it was all the same. To face it was impossible, and breathing itself became difficult. The bitter wind seemed to pierce through everything. Their clothes, which had at times on their journey proved almost too heavy and warm, now appeared as if made of gauze, through which the wind seemed to be blowing upon their very hides. The roar of it was fairly deafening, and it was with difficulty that they could hear each other speak.

"This must be the festive blizzard," shouted Harold, "keep close Harry, and let us do what we can't help doing, go with the wind."

"Where shall we go?" shouted Harry back, "there is no track."

"Well! we'll make one," replied Harold, "any place is better than this, so come on, I'd just as soon be choked or frozen walking as I would standing still!"

So on they went, with the storm as their guide. Had the lake been narrow for the remaining four miles that intervened between them and the fort, they would not have experienced much difficulty in reaching it, beyond the danger of being overcome by the cold. But unfortunately the lake was wide, and the direction of the wind slightly diagonal to it, consequently they struck the shore too much to the west, though they at the time had not the slightest idea as to where they were. The bank rose steep and rugged before them, sparsely covered by a growth of stunted pines.

"If we could only climb that bank," shouted Harold, "we might get shelter in the bush."

But they could not climb the bank, at least Harry could not. Every time he raised his foot to take an upward step, a cramp would seize him in the thigh, and he would straighten back the leg with an exclamation of pain.

"It's no use," said Harold, "we must keep on the lake and follow the shore, though which way to go, goodness knows, I don't."

Saying which, he took, as is often

the case in such predicaments, the wrong one, nor did he discover his error until they had fruitlessly wandered for over an hour, and then there was no choice left but to retrace their steps. Harry, faint with hunger, with feet sore and with every muscle in his legs in pain, threw off the snowshoes, preferring to walk without them.

The wind had by this time abated somewhat, but had become many degrees colder. Daylight had dawned, but still the drifting snow hid everything but the shore, which they were now following. As they had been compelled by it to change their course to about a right angle with the wind, they suffered much from the cold, and were constantly on the watch lest their noses or ears should freeze. Harry began to drop behind, and often Harold was obliged to wait for him, until at length he told him to go on and leave him, as he would be obliged to lie down and rest. In vain Harold told him that rest meant death. He muttered something about not caring which it was, and threw himself down in the snow. In vain he shook him and shouted at him, his only reply was "I'm only sleepy. For God's sake, let me sleep."

Harold himself was, by this time, considerably spent, and he realized that perhaps the lives of both of them depended upon his own promptness, though when he looked at his friend lying there in the snow, the fine dust-like particles already gathering in his hair and settling in the folds of his clothes, he felt a pang that forced from him a cry for help, or rather a wail of despair. He never for one moment expected that he would be heard or answered, or if he did, the hope was but a forlorn one, and scarcely would he believe his senses, when out of the blinding mist of snow there came an answering shout, followed by the dim outlines of men coming towards them from the mist. In a few seconds he was grasping the hand of Mr. McTavish.



DRAWN BY A. B. H. HEMING.

HAROLD AND LILIAN.

"Lucky you came, Mr. McTavish. Poor Harry seems about done out."

"Done out," answered Mr. McTavish, "he's so near done out that a few minutes more and Master Harry would have been making his investigations

of the natives in the Happy Hunting Grounds."

Saying which, he produced a flask and poured some of its contents down the throat of the nearly insensible man. The brandy soon took effect,

and Mr. McTavish, with the assistance of the man whom he had brought with him, soon had Harry on to his feet, and thus supporting him on either side, they led him on. Harold, who had likewise been refreshed by a pull at the flask, followed them. They were not far from the Fort, but as Mr. McTavish afterwards explained, it was providential that they had not been able to travel by themselves further than they did, for the course that they were taking would have led them inevitably into the open water, caused by the current through the "narrows," upon which the Fort was built.

Arrived in the house, Mr. McTavish at once ordered Harry to bed, but chancing to glance at his feet, a look of anxiety came over his face.

"How are your feet, Mr. Woods?" he asked.

"I have no feet," answered Harry. "I feel as if I had been walking on nothing."

But, indeed, judging by the appearance, one would have said that he was all feet. His moccasins were encrusted with layer upon layer of frozen "slush," or wet snow, so that they looked like two large balls of white ice. Mr. McTavish ordered a tub of cold water to be brought at once, and he himself went to work at one moccasin, while his man did the same with the other, and by dint of tearing and slashing here and there with a knife, they at length managed to set his feet free, and queer and white they looked. Into the cold water they were plunged, and then, for the first time in his life, Harry Woods knew the agony of frozen feet. As he often said afterwards, "The freezing was nothing, but the process of thawing out was like having your feet boiled, and that to die by freezing was easy and painless; like going to sleep, but that the pain of coming back to life and sense, was hardly worth enduring for the sake of living.

And so Harry Woods became an invalid in the house of Duncan Mc-

Tavish—a catastrophe for which his friend, Harold Mills, was grateful to him for ever afterwards. And though Harry would sometimes remonstrate to the effect, that Providence might have consummated like results at a less personal cost to himself, Harold would persist in saying that that was the way Providence usually worked: sacrificing one man for the good of another; and that, as a consistent Christian, he was bound to be thankful. After Harry had been comfortably esconced in his bed, and having eaten some breakfast had temporarily escaped from his pain by sleep, Harold sat by the warm stove, discussing their adventures with Mr. McTavish.

"A narrow escape," said Mr. McTavish. "If your friend had only tried to tough the snowshoes, instead of throwing them off, he would have been all right. You see, the snow on the top may be as dry as powder, but may be thoroughly saturated with water below, next to the ice, and if there is much slush, as we call it, it's the simplest thing in the world to get frozen feet. Lucky you shouted when you did, for we were just thinking of turning to the right, up the lake, and trying to face the storm, when we heard your shout."

"How was it, Mr. McTavish, that you happened to be looking for us as you did, just in the nick of time?"

Mr. McTavish burst out laughing before replying.

"Why, Mr. Mills," he said, "You surely don't imagine that the shindy you fellows kicked up at old Watawayses' ball, was of such common occurrence that we wouldn't hear of it right off. I tell you, I laughed till I almost cried, when I heard the history of it. Two thoroughly frightened Indians brought the word down that you two had started some time before the storm, and they were anxious lest you should get lost. One of them, indeed, was big Angus Wabikeeshik, the fellow you bowled over, and serve him right too: though, to do the poor

beggar justice, he had provocation. Betsy, the girl, your friend was so attentive to, was engaged to be married to him, and when he found that the old man wanted to sell her to your friend, after he himself had paid, I don't know how many beaver skins for her, besides keeping the old scoundrel for nearly a year, he got rather mad. Of course, I told him that if anything happened to you, he would be held entirely responsible, which frightened him considerably. We have to keep the fear of the law in these fellows anyway; but honestly I don't think the poor man was altogether to blame."

"Certainly not," said Harold, "and do you know, Mr. McTavish, that, after all it was not Indian nature we were studying, but human nature. By the by, who is that girl Betsy?"

She is the grand-daughter of Old Watawayses. Her father was a young scamp of a clerk we had here once. He was of good family; in fact, her other grandfather was a canon of some cathedral in the Old Country. I believe he's a bishop now."

"It would be an affecting sight to see the two grandfathers meet," said Harold sententiously.

At this moment the door opened, and two women entered the room, one old, the other young. The latter was a beautiful girl, so thought Harold, as he looked upon her while Mr. McTavish introduced him to the two ladies as his wife and daughter.

"You must be hungry," said Mrs. McTavish to Harold. "It is too bad to have kept you waiting so long, but we are lazy people, and Lilian and I have only just got up."

Harold followed them to the breakfast-room, wondering and indignant, that one so beautiful as the daughter of his host should have been allowed to waste her sweetness on the desert air, and he resolved he would do his utmost to prune all the many shoots of barbarism that he felt convinced must flourish in such primitive sur-

roundings. He rejoiced that circumstances had thrown in his way the chance of imparting to one, whom at first sight he intensely admired, if not actually loved, some of those doctrines of refinement and culture which are the shibboleths of modern education.

During the meal little was said by anyone. Mr. McTavish was occupied in reading numerous letters which had arrived that morning by the packet from Moose Factory. Lilian herself said little, a silence attributed by Harold to a natural shyness and diffidence at being brought face to face with one who had the ease of manner and courteous self-possession of a man of the world.

Mr. McTavish managed, however, to inform his guest that to move from there for some weeks would be an impossibility, therefore they must accept the situation and make the best of it. Of course, Harold thanked him with some feeling, and being thoroughly worn out with his night's adventure, soon pleaded want of sleep as an excuse for withdrawing to his room. He slept for many hours, and dreamt many impossible things. Lilian, Betsy, the fat Indian, and blizzards, were the principal subjects of his dreams, all beautifully mixed as dreams should be, and when he awoke darkness had set in. He arose and made his way to Harry's room, whom he found awake and restless.

"Well, old man! How goes it with you?" he asked.

"Oh, Harold, I am, or have been, suffering the tortures of the damned. I don't see what pain was invented for. They tell you, I believe, that it's to make you patient and resigned. I'm anything but patient and resigned. I fairly hate it, but as I can't help myself, I've got to bear it, and I don't profess to make a virtue of it."

"Cheer up, Harry! I begin to think that after all life may be worth living."

"You would not say that if you were in my shoes, or, to be strictly ac-

curate, on my feet. But I say, my old philosopher, what makes you so enthusiastic all of a sudden?"

"Do you know, Harry, that I've seen to-day the loveliest little girl that I ever met?"

"Don't talk to me of lovely girls. It's lovely girl that I am suffering from, and don't you go and get the disease."

"But this Miss McTavish is a perfect picture, Harry."

"I can well believe you. These beauties of the backwoods are just pictures, and it is from that standpoint alone that one should consider them. Perfect features and perfect coloring, but lacking life, and on no account could one call them speaking likenesses. By the by, how much grease do you expect this one will cost you?"

"Harry, your helpless condition alone saves you from condign punishment. Seriously speaking, you have no call to even formulate such insinuations against that noble old soul, The McTavish."

"All right, Harold! I sit, or rather lie, corrected, but I'll wager that your beauty will stick her head in a shawl, and giggle at you, or converse in long-drawn monosyllables."

"Well, you may be right, but I like the look of that girl, and I'll tell you another thing, I'll win her yet, even if she's made of wood."

"Thou shalt not worship any graven image. I myself bowed down to a wooden idol in Betsy, and behold the result, a shattered wreck, the victim of a taste for the romantic and beautiful. Henceforth I affect only the prosaic and plain. Now get thee hence, enamored swain, and leave me to my woes. The fact is, the little abuse I have bestowed, indiscriminately, has done me good, and I believe I could sleep."

And so Harold left him to get relief in sleep, while he himself went in search of the fair Lilian, whom he found comfortably seated before the fire. She had been reading, but had

hidden the book when she found out who the intruder was.

"Good-evening, Miss McTavish," said Harold.

The girl inclined her head, but said nothing.

Not very encouraging, thought Harold, as a commencement. How wonderfully beautiful she is. I wonder if she is as wooden as Harry thinks. I'll try and draw her out, just to see what she is made of. Then aloud—

"Do you read much, Miss McTavish?"

"No," answered Lilian, blushing and hanging her head.

"Do you like living here?"

"I suppose."

"Did you always live here?"

"No," answered Lilian.

Harold was nonplussed. He had evidently struck another Betsy. Better dressed it was true, but oh! such wooden inaccessibility, and as for monosyllables, she fairly out-Betsied Betsy.

"Were you ever in England," he asked, again coming to the charge. There was no lack of pluck or obstinacy, whatever you call it, in Harold.

"No," replied the girl nervously.

"Did you ever live anywhere else but here?"

"Yes."

"Where was that?"

"At Abitibi."

Now Abitibi, as Harold well knew, was at about the end of all things; one hundred and fifty miles further away in the bush, and he rightly conjectured that about the only accomplishments to be acquired there, would be a knowledge of the art of cleaning fish, and snaring rabbits.

"Do you know, Miss McTavish, that I think it a shame that a girl so beautiful as you are should have been allowed to live all her life away from civilization?"

It was not the right thing to say, and he instinctively knew it. The girl rose, with a flush of anger

upon her face, and turning to him said, "Do you really think so Mr. Mills? Excuse me, I think I hear mamma calling."

With this, she swept out of the room, leaving Harold uncomfortably conscious of having done that which he ought not to have done, and with an urgent longing in his heart, that Harry's feet would mend, so that they might escape from this land of incongruities.

After this interview, for some days, there was a feeling of constraint between Lilian and Harold. He would often catch her eye, apparently by accident, and he could not help thinking, that several times he caught there a mischievous twinkle, and as a matter of fact, instead of the rebuff which he had so palpably received checking his admiration for the girl, his admiration daily increased, until Harry told him plainly, when he came to him for sympathy in his love affair, that a man cooped up in that forsaken place, would fall in love with a bed post. But Harold never swerved from his allegiance, nor would he allow even, that Lilian was anything but perfection, though he acknowledged that her conversational powers must have been allowed to go undeveloped.

"I am not an ass, Harry?" he said one day, "I know refinement when I see it. It is true she may not have read much, she probably never had the chance that you and I have had, but that girl is never guilty of a solecism, either in speech or manners. There's something behind it all that I don't understand."

Three weeks had passed, and Harry was mending rapidly. He was able to walk a little, and it had been arranged that the two friends should start for home in a few days. Mr. McTavish had kindly insisted on sending the young men down with his team of Esquimaux dogs, so that now there was nothing in reality to delay them.

The relations between Lilian and

Harold had decidedly improved, though the young lady still maintained a certain reserve, and whenever Harold attempted to, what he would consider, improve her mind, she promptly snubbed him, and figuratively retired into her shell. They made daily excursions on snowshoes together, and both resented any accident that would deprive them of this recreation.

On such occasions Harold would mope in Harry's room, and become so crabbed that Harry would find him hard to bear, and advise him to "pop" at once, and so get out of his misery, at which, the independent, and, as a rule, somewhat over self-confident Harold would meekly express doubts that she would accept him.

"All the better if she didn't. There are two ways of getting out of a misery like that," answered the now cynical and misogynistic Harry.

While Lilian, on the other hand, complained to her mother that she really needed out of door exercise for the good of her health, which would elicit from that unsuspecting dame an exclamation of surprise, and even of pleasure, at the change that had come over her.

"Why, Lilian," she would say. "It used to be so hard to get you out of doors. You know how often I have told you that you should take more exercise."

"Yes mamma, dear," Miss Lilian would blush, and answer, "I know, and I am trying to be a good girl." Then she would kiss her mother, and feel as if a cry would do her good.

One day, in fact the day before that upon which it had been arranged that the two young men were to take their departure, Harold and Lilian were taking what they considered their last walk together, and as they wished to visit every favorite spot, they had started earlier than usual. Neither of them spoke much. On trips, under such conditions, thoughts take the precedence of words. Suddenly Harold said,

"I wish something would happen."

"What do you mean, Mr. Mills?" asked Lilian.

"Well, I mean something so that I could rescue you from some deadly peril."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Mills."

"Well, I mean if you could fall into the water, and I would pull you out."

Lilian looked amused, and said, "a person could not fall into the water when there are two feet of ice on it, unless, indeed, you were to cut a hole in the ice and put me in it."

"Oh, I don't mean that," answered Harold, though he could not help laughing—"can't you understand what I mean?"

"Oh, Mr. Mills do look at those lovely crystals on that rock."

Hang the crystals thought Harold, but he looked and acknowledged that they were pretty.

"I understand, Mr. Mills, that you are dreadfully clever," said Lilian with a mischievous twinkle in her eye that boded no good for the lordly Harold—"Do tell me something. Do talk learnedly for a little while."

Poor Harold felt himself blushing abominably, while the girl, except for the twinkle, looked so innocently unconscious, that he half thought she meant it and it flashed through his mind that the opportunity had come at last, to improve the mind of this wildflower of the woods. So he thought of all the clever things he knew of, and they did not seem to be so awfully clever after all. He thought of Huxley, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Stuart Mill and a host of others, but he never realized before how little he knew about them. Finally he stammered,

"Have you,—er—have you ever heard of Huxley?"

"Yes, Mr. Mills, I think that I have heard of him."

"Well—er—you know"—said Harold, racking his brain to recall something that he knew about that learned man.

"Well! He wrote a book called the Data of Ethics and —."

"Excuse me, Mr. Mills, but I thought that Herbert Spencer wrote that?"

Harold was aghast. He dimly remembered that Herbert Spencer's name was somehow connected with that work, and worst of all, he realized that this child of nature was correcting his errors.

"Ah! Ah! yes, Miss McTavish." He answered with a sickly smile. "I believe that you are right, the fact is, those old Johnnies, Huxley, Spencer, and Carlyle, and all those, wrote about the same kind of things, you know."

"Why, Mr. Mills!" cried Lilian with some heat, "Carlyle was altogether peculiar in his writings. I cannot say that I have read more of him than his "Cromwell," and "History of the French Revolution," but I don't consider him a bit like the others, in fact, nearly every one of those men whom you have mentioned have distinctive styles and subjects of their own—"

"Miss McTavish," interrupted Harold, "How did you learn all this?"

"Why, at school, of course, and by reading a little since I left school."

"Where were you at school?"

"In Edinburgh."

"Why! I thought you said that you were never in England."

"Is Edinburgh in England, Mr. Mills?"

"Miss McTavish," said Harold, "you can write me down an ass. I have been a blind idiot, but I now bow down with reverence to you, and abjectly apologise for my misconception."

"Your apology is accepted," laughed Lilian — "And now, if you will give me a hand to climb up the bank, we will investigate those crystals."

Harold took the little hand, but made no attempt to climb the bank. Instead of that, he looked earnestly at her, and said:

"I should like to keep this hand for ever."

"It would be very uncomfortable," answered Lillian, with a nervous laugh, "to be dragged around the world like that."

"You know what I mean. I love you, Lillian. I loved you the first day I saw you, and now I want you to say that you will be my own wife?"

Lillian hung her head for a moment, then looking at him with a flash of indignation, she said:

"Consider how much grease it may cost you."

"Surely Lillian you did not ——"

"Yes, I did, and if I did what I ought to do, I'd hide my face in a shawl." By this time somewhat hysterically, "And—and—giggle."

"Lillian!"

"Yes," cried the girl who was now really crying, "And—and—I'd talk to you—in—in—monosyllables."

Harold, who had never dropped her hand all the while, now secured the other. He would have passed his arm around the slender waist, but snow-shoes are inconvenient things to make love on, distances have got to be observed, or there will be a fall, so he grasped the other hand and said,

"Lillian, my darling, don't cry. It was a beastly shame. I am really and truly sorry, but remember it was not I who said those things."

Lillian blushed when she remembered what she had said, "and poor Harry had never seen you; besides he was suffering so much from pain that he was hardly responsible."

But the rest of the conversation should not be recorded here, sufficient to say that they made a compact sealed with one of those objectionable monosyllables.

A few days afterwards, for the little incident that took place by the rock, altered their plans, Harold Mills and Harry Woods took their departure for home. Not, however, before it was definitely arranged that Mr.

McTavish should bring his wife and Lillian to England as soon in the following spring as he could wind up his affairs, and induce the Hudson's Bay Company to send a successor in his place.

Our two friends enjoyed the comfort of travelling with dogs, and all the conveniences that the employees of the Company have learned to use. Angus Wabikeshik was their guide, and a more attentive, faithful servant it would be hard to find. He seemed to anticipate their every want, and especially attached himself to Harry, for whose lameness he no doubt considered himself responsible. When they had reached Mattawa, and their dusky guide was about to start back to Fort Temiscamingue, he shook hands with Harry, saying:

"Indian no all bad, him like other man. Him feel plenty love."

Harry never would tell how much he gave him, but there was the sound of clinking gold, and Angus' broad face beamed with smiles.

* * * * *

Next year the two friends were on the Liverpool Docks watching the arrival of "The Nestorian," as she slowly steamed up the Mersey. Harold was fortified with a very powerful binocular.

"You'll break the glasses of that instrument, Harold, if you don't mind. Such constant gazing through——"

"I see her, I see her," shouted Harold, excitedly. She's waving her handkerchief. Bless you, darling! Oh, Harry, isn't she beautiful?"

"Well, for my part, Harold, I prefer the 'Cunarders.' They're more——, Oh, I beg your pardon, Harold. Of course you mean your beauty of the Backwoods. She's all right, but I buried all my enthusiasm with the toe and a half that I lost last winter on Temiscamingue."

Three months later the newspapers gave the announcement and Harry Woods was, of course, the best man.

THE END.

THE VENGEANCE OF LA TOUR.*

In the Spring of 1645, Sieur D'Aulnay Charnisay sailed from Port Royal, N.S., now known as Annapolis, and appeared before Fort St. John, at the mouth of the St. John River.

At the time of Charnisay's arrival, Charles de La Tour was in Boston; his wife, Marie de La Tour, was left in charge of Fort St. John, with fifty men for a garrison. The Fort was steadily besieged for three days.

On Easter Sunday, when the heroic defenders were not thinking of an attack, Charnisay's troops, through the connivance of a Swiss soldier (one of the garrison), scaled the walls and were on the eve of victory when the spirited defence of the garrison, stimulated by Lady La Tour, caused them to retreat again for the fourth time. Reduced in numbers, and with part of their walls broken down, the garrison and its brave commander decided to capitulate on the terms offered by Charnisay, which were that the whole garrison would be allowed to depart unmolested.

It is said that as soon as Charnisay got possession of Fort St. John, and saw the meagreness of the defences and the small number of its defenders, he at once imprisoned the garrison, and either shot or hung them all.

The intrepid and dauntless Lady de La Tour, at sight of this treachery and cruelty, must have turned upon Charnisay and told him of his baseness, calling down upon him the vengeance of her husband.

Lady La Tour died within a few days after the surrender of her Fort, and some time afterwards, about 1647, Charnisay was drowned at a point between Digby and Annapolis.


"Oh Christ that I were spared this awful sight!
What fiend is he, who, blacker than black night,
Commits such crime? O, treacherous Charnisay!
Now breaks my heart, in horror at this day!
When final fate shall on thee trembling call,
And thou dost enter the great judgment hall
To know thy lot—
Then, on thy fall, the whole Satanic brood
That watch for thee, will seize the hellish food
Of thy black soul, and, midst the raging flame,
Purge it of blood but get no drop of shame.
Live on, thou ever-shifting vengeful eyes,—
Thy knightly life, 'tis but a book of lies.
Oh, may the avenging power of fate
So stamp my words upon thy withered soul,
No jot or tittle ever shall abate.
Live thou, and reach thy Royal fort: the goal
Attained this day, now flees thy varying sight;
For soon a sterner foe, with certain tread,
Will in thy parched soul stir up such fright
That thou wilt shriek for pity, and in dread
Wilt call upon the Christ. E'en as the blood
Of this dead garrison will drown your soul,
That Christ himself turn not to stay the flood,
So will the rush of Fundy's tide enroll
And wrap thee round.
Useless thy sword, thy strength of no avail,

* From "God and the Doubter," a collection of verses by R. Belmont, St. John, N.B. Paper covers; author's edition.

Thy craft in vain ; no lies will save thee now—
 The rocks alone will hear thy weakening wail,
 Ghosts of the murdered ones thy spirits cow,
 In vain thy hands clutch at the slippery kelp,
 The far-off breakers dash with sullen roar,
 No soul to pity, not a hand to help,
 Thy lifeless form lies spurned upon the shore.
 Thou living dead man know thy fate is sure,
 And Fundy's wave wreaks vengeance for La Tour.
 Soil not my name.
 I feel my life-blood burst its narrow space,
 And know that I must die,—it grows apace
 This feeling here.
 This, from your hated bondage makes me free,—
 My fortress gone—this death means Liberty."

THE ETHICS OF WAR.

BY BYRON NICHOLSON.

NE charming midsummer's day, a few years ago, it was my privilege to witness some exceptional military evolutions in the neighborhood of old Niagara. From an elevated spot were to be seen troops of prancing, restless cavalry, and long lines of artillery, the bright sunlight bearing down upon the sleek, shining coats of the horses, and dazzling coruscations glist from the burnished arms and accoutrements of their riders. Converging from several quarters, various regiments, some clad in bright scarlet tunics, others in dark green uniforms, were moving towards the brigade ground, to participate in their morning exercises. At the distance of my view, and without seriously thinking upon the subject, it was difficult to decide which most to admire—the sombre-garbed, ominous and practical-looking "Rifles," or the gay and spirited-looking "Infantry." Borne on the wings of a delightful breeze the strains of more than half a score of carefully trained bands reached the ear, producing sensations "felt in the blood and all along the heart,"—im-

parting to all not totally inert and pulseless, a sense of new and invigorated life. Only the fewest in this country can have been privileged to listen to the terrific and heart-arousing music, with full orchestral chorus, of Handel's "Gird on Thy Sword," but feelings probably not much inferior to those inspired by the recital of this mighty composition arose even then within the breasts of the assembled thousands, announcing once again that stern defiance, that indomitable pluck, that pith and valor within the British heart, to which history bears indubitable testimony through all ages.

Every wise man yearns that the day, when the grim contests of war must be enacted, may be long, long delayed ; but while the fervent Christian prayer of "Give peace in our time, O, Lord," should be the guiding principle of action, it is certain that no country is wisely governed that allows itself to repose in fancied security without the means of repelling invasion by a foreigner or promptly stamping out rebellion. The completest victory is not that which entirely avoids

a contest, but that which leaves the least evidence of struggle.

Not unnaturally associated with the simulation of warfare just referred to was the question of the justice of, or necessity for actual contests at arms. Data, which had recently been afforded by no less a qualified authority than the Duke of Connaught on the subject of the great advance in the moral and intellectual training of "Tommy Atkins," in the old land, and his abstemiousness from crime and disorderly conduct while in active service, suggested doubts whether war itself has necessarily those brutalizing tendencies which are popularly attributed to its process, even by those who by no means coincide in the extreme doctrine that it is never justifiable except as a measure of immediate defence. Such doubts have at times since been considerably strengthened by a perusal of letters written by soldiers from the seat of war to their homes, in which it would be difficult to say whether a brave endurance of discomfort, an heroic exultation in danger faced and overcome, or a kindly flow of home affections, were the most striking characteristics. That which calls forth in those engaged in it, endurance, sagacity, promptness in resource, presence of mind, self-control, and contempt of death; which knits together officers and men by the strongest ties of mutual respect and admiration, by the sense of dangers shared and services rendered, by the tenderness and sympathy elicited towards the sick and wounded, can hardly be in itself the wholly evil thing which popular opinion is accustomed in our day to regard it, unless we are prepared to adopt the epicurean sentiment which would make comfort the chief good, and pain

"The something in this world amiss,
To be unriddled by and bye."

True, these facts do not prove that war is not in itself an evil; and, unquestionably, if men were perfect war would cease. But the question really

is, whether men being what they are, wars are not among the modes of human activity by which man's spirit is trained to perfection and the ancient throne of wrong and sensuality, of weakness and cowardice, even of mere brute worship, made to totter to its fall. Unlike the conflict man wages with nature, in war he stands opposed to his fellow-man, and its immediate object is the destruction of human life and the works of human industry. But if the operations of Providence on nature be our guide in this matter, it is not thence that we can draw the moral that evil is to be encountered and good sought only on condition of not destroying the lives and works of men. We humbly trust, and we are learning slowly to perceive that the pestilence that walketh by noon day, and smiteth the thousands in our cities, is sent on a mission of healing, sent expressly to slothful and careless men, whose neglect of the laws of health is entailing incessant loss of life and deterioration of human and bodily powers. The plague smiteth fiercely, but with a passing blow: if we learn our lesson its good effects last forever.

Men are fallible and God is all-wise it may be answered, and men must not imitate the awful agencies of their Maker, because they cannot be sure that they will use them aright. To which we reply that man must act by the best light he has, and that powers given him are lawfully used if used with righteous purpose; and that when other means of suppressing wrong have been tried in vain, we have no alternative but to let wrong prevail, or to meet and conquer it by armed force. This appears to be a conclusive argument against banishing war from amongst the legitimate means of resisting evil. Mere destruction is no more the real and ultimate object of war than it is of the Arctic expedition, the exploration of Africa, or other noble enterprises in which life is risked. The real object of all justifiable war is to secure the triumph of what

is assumed to be right, where human diplomacy has failed to apply the agency of the law and that *combined force* of all against one, which is the strength of the law. Nor could the theorists who condemn war, irrespective of its cause or motive, find it easy either to "justify the ways of God to man," or to approve of any of those enterprises in which life is staked against success, for surely men are no less bound to regard their own lives as sacred than those of others. How, too, will they justify capital punishment, or any punishment, that inflicts bodily pain and injures health? Even the ordinary social mechanism, if strictly probed, the common occupations of men, the systems of labor that accumulate wealth at the expense of the health and vigor of the laborer, would scarcely stand the consistent application of the peace theory.

Upon the whole, it would appear, looking into these considerations, that the common sentiment about war needs some revision. Men naturally abhor blood and wounds, pains and mutilated limbs, and regard with instinctive awe the departure of the spirit from its home of flesh—an awe that is vastly deepened when such separation is sudden and violent. May such abhorrence never be less; may such awe never cease to guard with its mysterious sanctity the sacred life of man. But if man is sent into the world not to eat, sleep and enjoy the banquet of the senses, but to vanquish the evil that is in himself, and in the world; if no effort, no sacrifice of comfort and happiness, is too great to only accomplish the end of his existence; if we honor by universal acclaim the man who for right and truth exposes his own life, by what logic does that become evil in a nation, which in the individual is honor and virtue. We must meet and conquer evil in the form it happens to take, and if one of these forms be an armed host working wrong, either by its own spontaneous impulse, or at the bidding of

a master, what new law comes into operation whereby we are prevented from exposing our lives in this conflict as righteously as we expose them in conflict with the winds and waters in our search after scientific truth or for the produce of distant lands to minister to our needs and luxuries?

It seems to come to this—that war is among the various agencies by which man's will has to meet and conquer evil; and, that like all those agencies it may be either a noble discipline or a degrading and brutalizing excitement of the passions. Which it will be, in any case, depends much upon the motives of the nation which urges it, and on the general tone of morality among its people. If a nation holds national power as a trust, and if the duties towards its own people have not been miserably neglected, war becomes in the hands of such a nation a divine instrument of justice, and the men who carry it on are sublimed into the conscious ministers of eternal right.

Only a thoroughly materialistic misinterpretation of Christianity, a general epicureanism of habit, and confused notions about what determines the eternal well-being of man, could ever have led to such monstrous doctrines as those propounded by Peace fanatics in reference to recent wars. We turn from such theories to the facts, and find war looking all that is noblest and most manly in a nation, making heroes of peasants and of idlers, hushing the mean jar of faction, except among the basest of mankind, and stirring in the universal heart of a people a strange, delightful sense of brotherhood and unity. And if, startled by such results from what we are taught to consider an unmixed evil, we begin anew to examine the Peace theories promulgated to this day in Europe and America, they resolve themselves into principles, which, if duly carried out, would deliver over man to the dominion of evil—would postpone every noble motive and high

principle to a supreme love of life that would no longer be divine, because divorced from the idea of good, and would soon end in making men the slaves of circumstances, and the bondsmen of the brutes of the forest.

Surely the old Pagans had a nobler ideal than this of our modern quietists. If manhood, *virtus*, was then too exclusively seen in the strong arm and brave heart, at least these are the ground of all other excellencies in war, and a good Christian can no more be a coward and a materialist than he can be a drunkard and a thief. Women retain their instinctive sense of the truth of this matter, and we hold that the qualities in man which a true

woman admires are those which God and nature intended him to have.

War has its horrors, so have railways and every noble and useful enterprise, just because such enterprises are a new conflict with evil, and evil fighteth a hard fight and exacts toils, and groans, and blood before it quits its hold. But to redeem the world from evil is man's mission here, and never is evil more gloriously defeated than when armed nations rise indignant against incarnate wrong that has gathered head, sweep away the obstacles to the world's progress, and demean themselves the while as consecrated servants of light and truth.

ANGEL ROSES.

Oh, roses rare, so rich in God's adorning,
Sweet tokens of a fond Creator's love,
Must your swift-passing fair life's morning
Have no continuance in the world above?

A sense subduing, dreamy, drifting feeling,
Seemed quickly all my being to possess,
While music on my ear came softly stealing,
And on my brow was pressed a sweet caress.

Oh, roses pure, in angel form appearing,
How came you here among the glorified!
I watched you in my sick-room slowly nearing
The roses' doom,—you faded, drooped and died.

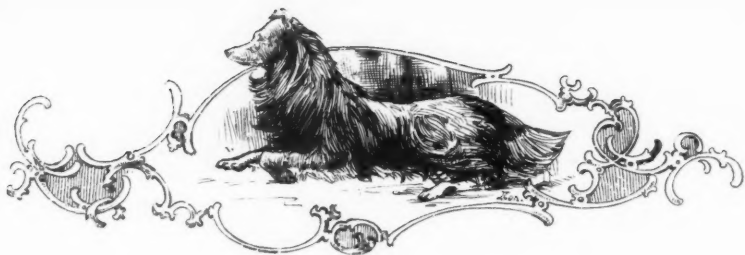
"Our home is here in this Celestial city,
We go to earth to sermonize God's love;
The work fulfilled, with tender heartfelt pity,
Our Maker's voice recalls us to our home above."

ADELIA MARLATT.

S^T VALENTINE'S DAY.

"The maide, that morn, whom first dost see,
Thy wedded wife, ere long, shall be.
Jing hey nonny nonny -
Sweet Valentine Day."





COLIN.

BY MALCOLM MACKENZIE.

“**W**HISHT, Colin, whisht! What are ye growlin’ at?” exclaimed Elspeth Muir, as she turned the bannocks on the griddle, that hung over the glowing peats.

The collie retired beneath the deal table, but continued at intervals to emit low growls ending in a suppressed bark, and, at last, as a crunching step was heard on the snow without, he fairly lost all restraint and jumped towards the door with an angry bark.

Elspeth hurried to the door, letting the kirtled fold of her skirt fall to its natural place as she went, and reached it just as a loud knock fell on the panel.

As she opened it a great cloud of vapor from the warm room rushed out into the cold wintry air, and, for a moment, almost hid the big misty outlines of the object of the dog’s displeasure.

“It’s an awfu’ nicht to be out in, Mistress Muir. Is Kinneff at hame?”

“Is’t you, Linton?” said Elspeth.

“Come in bye man an’ warm yersel, an’ hae a bite to eat. The guidman’s nae hame yet; he just steppit across the muir this afternoon to see the auld dominie—I doubt he’s nae lang for this world, puir soul!”

“I fear ye’re richt,” replied Linton. “I met the doctor this mornin’, and he telt me the dominie was fast slip-

pin’ awa’ tae his lang hame. But we munna complain—it’ll be a happy release tae him frae his sufferins.”

“Tam canna be lang now,” said Elspeth. “It’s only eight mile there an’ back, an’ he’s been gone four hours. Sae ye’ll just bide till he comes back, an’ maybe the wind ’ll hae gone down a bit by then. It mun be hard travellin’?”

“Aye is it—sair travellin’ indeed. I’ve just come up frae Cluny, an’ the snaw is a’ driftit into great wreaths across the road, an’ it blows into yir face like to choke ye. I had tae stop every here an’ there an’ tirn my back on it tae get my breath.”

“I wish Tam was hame,” rejoined Elspeth. “But he’s a muckle strong chiel an’ no easily beat by either man or wind. Sit down by the ingle Linton, an’ smoke yir pipe, while I mak’ the supper.”

Pete Duncan, better known as “Linton,” the name of his farm, as Tam Muir was by “Kinneff,” doffed his bonnet and unwound his long shepherd’s plaid; then, seating himself by the cozy fireside, he crossed his legs and proceeded with much deliberation to fill his short clay with the flakes of “Irish twist,” that he cut from a substance resembling a black rope’s end. This done, he relapsed into silence, and his face assumed a stolid expression of preternatural wisdom, as it emerged at

intervals from behind huge clouds of pungent smoke.

Meanwhile, Elspeth was busily occupied frying some savory bacon and potatoes, and in setting out the table; while Colin dozed in his corner, only partially opening his eyes, now and again, to bestow an affectionate glance at her kind, cheery face.

Presently, the sound of voices was heard without, and the dog pricked up his ears, and began beating a tattoo of welcome on the floor with his tail.

"That 'll be the laddies," said Elspeth. "They've just been out in the byre, beddin' the kye," and as she spoke, the door swung back letting in a blast of icy wind and small particles of snow, followed by two ruddy-faced youths, the elder of whom might have seen some twenty winters and the younger scarce fifteen.

"A stormy nicht, lads!" said Pete, removing his pipe from his mouth. "And how are a' the beasties?"

"Oh, gey an' thrivin'," replied Jimmie, the elder of the boys. "But I doubt it 'll gang hard wi' the ewes. They're folded in the nether heugh, an' I'm feard the snaw 'll be driftin' in on them. Is faither no back yet, mither?"

"No yet, Jimmie. I wish he was! Is it blawin' as hard as ever?"

"Aye, mither, an' waur. But faither's no' the man to fear a bit storm."

"Weel laddies, I'm thinkin' ye'll be gey hungry; an' as for Linton, he mun be fair famished—he's been down at Cluny; sae we'll jist sit down an' hae a bite o' supper, an' keep some hot for yir faither."

They all sat down to the welcome repast, and did full justice to the simple though abundant fare which Elspeth had provided.

Little was spoken during the meal, for hard-working men generally season their food with silence, and Elspeth was too busily occupied waiting on them; but occasionally she would look up nervously when a louder blast of wind than usual would whistle and

sough round the walls of the farmhouse, making the rafters creak and moan.

Supper over, Pete resumed his place by the fireside, and replenished his old clay pipe, while the boys sat in front of the fire, watching the cheerful glow of the peats, and Elspeth set herself to wash up the dishes. Colin still lay stretched out on the floor, with his head turned towards the door, at which he would glance uneasily from time to time, and prick up his ears, as if expecting to hear his master's step.

"What a wise cratur' a dog is," said Pete, after a while. "Fu' weel does Colin know that his master's on his road hame."

"Wise! did ye say?" exclaimed Jimmie, "Ye should just see the way that dog carries on, Maister Duncan. Man, I sometimes believe he kens what ye're thinkin'! The ither day, efter I had driven the sheep into the fold, I missed an auld ewe wi' a lame leg. I lookit round to see if she was near bye, but could get no sicht o' her, so, efter I had fastened the lave o' them in, I whistled on Colin tae gang an' search for her wi' me. Weel, I couldna see him onywhere about, though he was there only a few meenits afore, so I set off by mysel', an' I hadna travelled a quarter o' a mile afore I met him drivin' the ewe in front o' him. He had seen that I had missed her, an' startit off alane, when I was fastenin' the gate to look for her. See there now, how weel he kens I'm tellin' ye o't!"

The dog had come quietly up to Jimmie's side while he was speaking, and now sat on his haunches, gazing up into his face and wagging his tail in a pleased kind of way.

Elspeth had by this time finished her household duties and was sitting near the rest of them, but she did not join in their conversation, and her anxious face betrayed that her thoughts were out on the moor. At last, she could contain herself no longer, and glancing up at the big Dutch clock in the corner, exclaimed:—

"Half past ten, and Tam no' hame yet! Jimmie there's something wrang wi' him. He should ha' been here an hour syne, even if the roads are bad."

"Aye, mith'er, ye're richt," said Jimmie. "He wadna stay at the dominie's a' nicht, I'm thinkin'?"

"Na, na; nae fear o' that!" replied his mother. "Tam wadna stay away a' nicht frae hame without lettin' us ken, if he had tae come through fire an' water, far less a snowstorm. But now I come to think o't, he telt me he would step round to the saddlers on his road back tae get the grey mare's bridle mendit."

"That 'll keep him an hour langer then," said Pete.

"Aye, will it; but he should be back by now even though."

"Never fear, mith'er," answered Jimmie. "Faither wunna be lang now, I'm thinkin'."

"What's the matter wi' the collie I wunner?" enquired Pete. "See how he's carryin' on at the door!"

For some time the dog had sat watching Elspeth's anxious face intently, and when she had begun to speak of her fears for her husband he had stolen away unobserved to the door, and was now scratching vigorously on it with one paw and whining impatiently.

"Maybe he hears Tam comin'," said Elspeth. "Open the door Davie an' look out!"

The lad opened the door and went out, and the dog followed; but there was no sign of any human being around. The wind still blew with terrific force, carrying fine particles of snow before it that filled the air and obscured everything beyond a few paces distance from view. Davie walked down the road for about a hundred yards, and shouted "Faither! Faither!" at the top of his voice, but there was no response. Even if there had been he could have heard nothing, unless it had been quite close, for the howling of the wind. So he turned back again to the house, stumbling

through the drifts that obstructed his path. The collie, however, had disappeared in the darkness; but Davie thought nothing of that, supposing he had gone round to the stable—one of his favorite haunts.

"There's no sign o' him on the road yet," reported Davie, as he re-entered the house.

"Oh ye needna worry yersels about Tam," said Pete. "He'll tak care o' himsel' if ony man can, I se warrant. But I'll just bide here till he comes hame, tae hear how the auld dominie is, if ye dinna mind, Mistress Muir. They'll no' be expectin' me back the nicht, up at Linton, as I purposed gangin' on tae Pitfour if the storm hadna come up."

"Deed, an' ye're richt welcome, Linton," responded Elspeth. "Sit doon again, an' dinna mak a stranger o' yersel'."

They all resumed their places by the fireside, but the conversation soon flagged as the minutes passed, for no one was in a mood to talk, and the men-folk only made a pretence of it for Elspeth's sake.

Half an hour went by, and no sign of Tam, though they had repeatedly opened the door and peered out into the darkness beyond. The suspense had become unendurable, and Pete was just about to announce that he would start down the road to look for him, along with Jimmie, when a scratching was heard on the door outside, accompanied by a short bark.

"There's Colin wantin' in," said Davie. "I thoct he wadna care tae bide out lang on a nicht like this."

He opened the door and let him in, but the animal's long hair was filled with frozen snow, and he was panting hard, with his tongue hanging from his mouth. Evidently he had strayed away much further than the stable; and no sooner was he within the house than he ran to Jimmie and began jumping up on him and tugging at his clothes, and then running back towards the door, accompanying his actions

with short yelps and impatient whines.

"What ails the dog?" said Pete.
"He's actin' strange."

"He kens mair than ye would think," returned Jimmie. "He wants me tae gang out wi' him, an' I'm gaein' tae! Davie, rin ben the house an' bring me my plaid and shepherd's stick! Ye stay here wi' mither, an' Maister Duncan 'll maybe come alang wi' me?"

"That I will, Jimmie, lad!" replied Pete.

"Dinna fash yersel', mither, we'll be back again inside o' an' hour am' thinking—the dog wasna awa' ower half that time. We'll find out ony-way what he wants us tae gang wi' him for."

Elsbeth's face had turned deadly white, and her limbs trembled, but her courage and presence of mind never forsook her for an instant. She went to a little cupboard and returned with a flask of whiskey, which she handed to Pete.

"Pit that in yer pouch," she said. "Ye'll maybe need it. An' ye'll tak care o' Jimmie, Linton, an' no let him out o' yer sicht?"

"Trust me for that Mistress Muir," he replied. And winding their long plaids around them, and donning their bonnets, the two were speedily out on the road, preceded by the dog.

The storm was now past its height, and, though its fury was by no means spent, it was possible to make headway against it without being blinded by the drift. The moon had risen too, and though, of course, it was not visible, it succeeded nevertheless in shedding a faint, misty light that enabled them at least to avoid stumbling over the drifts that crossed the road at frequent intervals.

Still it was no easy task to plough knee-deep through that fine, compact snow, sometimes sinking to the armpits in a wreath there was no getting round, and that too in the teeth of the wind that had now veered round to the north, and was becoming more icily cold every moment.

The dog ran on in front of them—turning round every few minutes and waiting till they caught up with him—but shewing unmisstakably by his eagerness that he wished them to hasten on as fast as possible.

After following the road for about half a mile, Colin turned off into the less frequented cart track that crossed the moor in the direction of the dominie's.

As if by a common impulse, Pete and Jimmie exchanged glances; not a word was spoken, but each saw in the other's face a look of fear that needed no interpreter. If the dog were leading them to where Tam was, as they suspected, this turning off across the moor meant that he had come straight from the dominie's towards home, instead of going round by the highway to the saddler's first; and that implied that he had been out at least an hour longer than they had supposed. It meant something worse, for they had been consoling themselves with the hope that he had turned into some farm-house on the road, to which Colin had tracked him. But now, that hope was taken from them, for there was not even a sheiling on the moor after leaving the dominie's cottage, and he might have wandered off the cart track in the darkness, and lost himself amongst the drifts in the hollows. Further, there was no chance of his being still at the dominie's, as that was four miles away, and the dog had only been gone half an hour.

They pressed on in silence, insensibly increasing their speed, and filled with dark forebodings; but the snow on the open moor was piled up into great wreaths, and all vestige of the track was lost. Every few minutes one of them would stumble and sink almost to the neck in a hollow that the snow had filled and hidden. Poor Jimmie's strength was fast giving way; and, as he struggled to his feet for the twentieth time with Pete's assistance, a groan escaped from him,

and he almost sank back again into the snow.

"Here Jimmie, lad, ye mun hae a wee mouthfu' o' this tae keep up yir strength," said Pete, taking the flask from his pocket.

"Na, na!" exclaimed the lad, bracing himself up, and starting on again. "No' a drap for me, I'll dae weel enough, an' it may be sair wantit yet, Linton."

The thought seemed to lend him fresh courage and strength, and he bravely struggled on by the side of his big companion till they reached the bottom of a slight hollow. Here the dog suddenly left the course they had been following, and struck off at right-angles up the howe, increasing its speed, and not waiting any longer for them to overtake him.

They soon lost sight of him in the gloom, and were groping about looking for his tracks, when a series of sharp, quick barks was heard straight ahead, and, a moment later, Colin reappeared, plunging through the snow towards them, in a state of wild excitement. As soon as he had reassured himself that they were following, he turned again, and bounded back in his tracks.

"Faither's there!" cried Jimmie, hoarsely. "God send that he's alive!"—and he plunged forward after the dog, like a man possessed, leaving Pete struggling and panting behind him. In another minute he came suddenly upon Colin lying crouched in a little hollow with his back towards him. Jimmie bent forward over the dog, and a great cry burst from his lips, for there lay the body of his father, half covered with snow, and the faithful animal stretched out over his chest licking the cold, white face.

In a moment the lad was down beside the prostrate form, clearing the snow from around him and striving to discover some sign of life. When Pete came up, he quickly tore open the frozen coat and shirt, and pressed his ear to his heart. For some time

he could hear nothing, but at last he fancied he detected a faint pulsation; and the two of them were soon busily at work rubbing and chafing him and turning him round. Once more Pete listened, and this time there was no mistaking the throb of the river of life. Bye and bye a faint tinge of pink began to appear on his lips, and in half an hour Tam heaved a deep sigh and opened his eyes.

Meanwhile, in the farm-house, Elspeth was sitting in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. For an hour she had borne up bravely, trying to persuade herself that her husband had sought shelter in some cottage on the road, to which Colin would lead Jimmie and Pete. But as the slow, weary minutes passed and no returning steps were heard, her heart began to sink within her, and the Star of Hope to set. Davie tried hard to cheer her up—though even he, with all a boy's disposition to look at the bright side of things, was beginning to feel anxious—but he could not drive away that great horror of darkness which was descending upon her. The monotonous tick of the Dutch clock became an agony, for each beat seemed like the stroke of a hammer, driving a nail into her husband's coffin. Once or twice the despairing cry burst from her lips—"O Tam! my Tam!"—but the heavy hours dragged on, and she sat at last like one in a trance. All sense of her surroundings was gone from her, and time seemed to have merged into eternity. The only thing that remained was her great, silent love for Tam, and a thick cloud seemed to hide him from her sight.

Davie had fallen to sleep by the fire, and the clock had just struck two, when she was suddenly called back to life by a loud barking outside. She sprang to the door, and Colin rushed in, fairly beside himself with joy, and began jumping up on her and gambolling around the room like a mad thing. Then the sound of familiar voices struck on her ear, and next moment

she was encircled by her husband's arms and had fainted on his breast.

A little later, when she had recovered consciousness and they were all gathered round the cheery hearth, Jimmie said, "Mither, it was Colin that brought faither back frae the grave."

Elsbeth said nothing, but she rose quietly, and crossing over to where the dog sat by her husband's side, she flung her arms around his shaggy neck and pressed her lips tenderly to his forehead; and the tear that stole down upon his head was a tribute of gratitude from a true and loving heart.

DEATH OF THE THIRTY-FOUR.

An incident of the Matabele war in Africa, when thirty-four English soldiers were surrounded and slain by six thousand of Lo Benguela's warriors. They died singing their National Hymn.

Singing the "Death Song"
With voices clear and strong,
Loud rolled the words along,
"God save the Queen."
Singing at the hour of death,
Singing with the dying breath,
Singing though all hope had left,
"God save the Queen"

Only thirty four were they,
British veterans worn and grey,
Many thousands fought that day,
There they bravely fell.
Fighting till each shot was gone,
Though two-hundred were to one.
Oh, their work was bravely done,
Bravely done and well.

Fighting with the savage band,
No escape on either hand;
Only thirty-four to stand,
'Gainst the savage host.
Shut in by that living hell,
There they bravely fought and well.
Made each shot its message tell
Ere the day was lost.

With their ammunition gone,
Hope of succor there was none,
As the savage host came on.
Then they sang and died,
Singing with the dying breath.
Singing at the hour of death,
Singing while a man was left.
There they sang and died.

Waiting not for farewells said,
Kneeling on their gory bed,
Singing till each man was dead
Died the Thirty-four.

There they died, a noble band,
Died on Africa's burning sand,
Faithful to their native land
Died the Thirty four.

Loyal Englishmen were they,
Loyal on their dying day,
To their dear homes far away,
Loyal to their Queen.
Thus they sang, the Thirty-four,
Sang when they could fight no more,
Sang till life itself was o'er.
"God Save the Queen"

LIZZIE D. JEWETT.

EVENTIDE.

The day is past and the toilers cease;
The land grows dim, 'mid the shadows grey,
And hearts are glad, for the dark brings
peace

At the close of day.

Each weary toiler, with lingering pace,
As he homeward turns (with the long day
done),
Looks out to the West, with the light on his
face

Of the setting sun.

Yet some see not, (with their sin-dimmed
eyes.)
The promise of rest in the fading light;
But the clouds loom dark in the angry skies
At the fall of night.

And some see only a golden sky
Where the elms their welcoming arms stretch
wide
To the calling birds, as they homeward fly
At the eventide.

It speaks of peace that comes after strife,
Of the rest He sends to the hearts he tried,
Of the calm that follows the stormiest life—
God's eventide.

JOHN McCRAE.

A HOLIDAY BUSH ADVENTURE.

BY DR. G. ARCHIE STOCKWELL.

IT WAS a month out from Scotland, and on my way from Toronto to County Bruce to look up an old school-fellow and barrack's mate, who from lack of lucre had been led to migrate to the Canadian wilds and assume the role of bushman and farmer. The railway—there was no line to Kincardine or Saugeen (Southampton) in these days—left me at a by no means inviting wayside station on the edge of the wilderness, where I sought the means to proceed to Grahame's, forty miles beyond. But the outlook was far from assuring, since horses absolutely were not to be had—everything in the cattle line that possessed four legs appeared to have “gone to the logging bush.” Finally, in desperation, I strolled into the inn opposite that which had received my belongings, in the hope of here discovering some solution of the difficulty—the station-master “fancied” there “might be” some one here from the Bruce district.

Scarcely was the hostlery entered, however, than I became aware of a tall, well-remembered, broad-shouldered form, a trifle tempered by age perhaps, and with a fair sprinkle of grey in locks and beard, but, nevertheless, the veritable *amigo* who had lured me across the Atlantic. Surrounded by a group of open-mouthed rustics, he was in the midst of a glowing description of a “deer drive,” and, as I crossed the threshold, “Hark” had seized the buck by the throat, bringing him to his knees, while “Jack”—

Here the narrative found abrupt ending, and both my hands were pinned in a vice-like clasp that caused their every joint to protest with anguish. “Where did you drop from?”

—of all persons—such luck—women delighted—devour you alive—three months at least!” And having gabbled these incoherences, he clapper-clawed me again, not for a respectable pump-handle shake, but a devil of a backwoods jiggery-jiggery that was like to have wrested my arms from their sockets.

The following morning we departed for the region of Inver-Huron, a hamlet on the lake of the latter name, in the vicinity of which Grahame and some scores of canny Scots had hewed out farms from the forest wilderness, that stretched away to the east and north until estopped by the rocky shores of Georgian Bay.

Though mid-November, no snow cumbered the ground, and there had been next to no frost—the weather was as mild as April in Midlothian, for this was the forerunner of one of the “open” winters that sometimes overtake this region, and almost invariably, so said, follow or precede a season of abundant snow and exceptional cold. Hence the journey was made by means of an open four-wheeled anomaly, in the vernacular termed a “buck-board—a “singed-cat” sort of vehicle, eminently suited, by the way, to such soft and oft-times next-to-impassable highways as was our lot to traverse.

Such a row as greeted our arrival! The hounds first discovered us, and gave reverberating echo in response to their master's shout. A couple of black boys—darkies never lose their nonage until threescore and ten, when they attain the dignity of “uncles”—rushed to take the horses; and an instant later the whole place was in an uproar. Dogs fairly upset us with their rude welcomings; the blacks

stretched their sooty faces in an ivory ecstasy of delight; loud greetings in unmistakable Inverness "burr" were shouted from half-a-dozen throats; and the rabble dispersed only after

wife!" "My sister Mary!" (where is there a name like Mary?) and "My son John's wife!" all of whom gave welcome with that innate grace and warmth that especially appertains to



"Hark had seized the buck by the throat."

"Jennie," Rab's favorite mare, allowed the freedom of the lawn, and pretty nearly of the house too, for that matter, came prancing into the *melée*.

At the door stood three fair dames, and I was duly presented to "My

the Highland Celt, and causes the guest to at once feel literally *at home*.

Dressing was made short shrift, for it was presumed we must be famished after two score miles of jolting through sloughs and over rocks, roots, and fallen

tree-trunks. And, indeed, such was not far from the truth, for the juicy venison, grilled chicken, hot scones and maize bread that constituted the chief portion of the repast met full justice and appreciation. Then a delightful evening before the huge fireplace, blazing high with maple and hickory logs, and a quiet rubber with Rab and his spouse pitted against Miss Mary and myself.

Up with the dawn, after a toilet a

not been favored with so much as a glimpse of a deer afoot. My bag scored only a few grouse and hares, unless I count a grey fox,—this latter a most incomprehensible creature with a trick of climbing trees. It sounds like a whopper I'll admit, but foxes do climb trees in this country, trees, too, that are of considerable size; and as they are intolerable nuisances to the farmer, vulpecide, far from being deemed a crime, is encouraged.



"In the vernacular known as a buckboard."

little more elaborate than usual, I descended to the verandah, only to be lugged off by Rab to see the dogs and hear their individual praises sung. By the time we returned the ladies were down, and adjournment to the breakfast-room immediately followed.

A fortnight of such surroundings and delightful social atmosphere passed only too quickly. Though several of the antlered race had fallen before the guns of Rab and son, I had

I found no occasion to repine, however, though obliged to pull a long chin and assume a look of disappointment whenever Rab alluded to my unfortunate "luck," for the evenings at whist by the fireside were, by long odds, to my mind, the best portions of the days. As the time allotted to my visit had already gone—passed only too quickly—much against inclination I felt obliged to announce my departure, though such only served to raise a storm of protests and reproach,

the point being made that the roads were "bad," I bound to "stay a couple of months at least," etc., to all of which it was deemed necessary to respond *à contre cœur*.

The morning of the New Year—I had arranged my leave-taking for the next day—we set out for a section of forest that had not hitherto been driven, and where, indeed, as Rab insisted, we would certainly "jump one or more deer." He would station me

wood terminated with an abrupt fall of ground, and the deer trail continued through a hackmatack bog extending for miles along the Saugeen river bottom. My companion passed on to another trail half-a-mile away, deemed of secondary importance, after uttering warning to let nothing pass "possessed of hoofs and horns," and above all to prevent the dogs entering the low ground, lest they be lost for the day.



"He gave a quick stamp and snort"

on an old "run-way" (trail) that led into and through a dense swamp, where one could not by any chance fail an opportunity to gain an antlered head, provided always an attack of "buck ague" was escaped.

Once fairly entered upon the woodland, Grahame Jr., otherwise John, who was to drive, turned off with the hounds at his heels, while Rab and I jogged straight away another mile. Here I was left to guard the "swamp run-way," so termed because the hard

For an hour I listened warily to every sound, but this proving monotonous, vigilance relaxed and a musing fit succeeded.

Aroused suddenly by the bay of a hound, I sprang eagerly to my feet, but, as it was not repeated, fell back to my old occupation, until the antics of a pair of ground squirrels created a diversion. Startled by an abrupt shift of position on my part, the little "chipmonks" ceased their game of tag and betook themselves to a neigh-

boring stump, from which point of vantage they girmed, chattered, and barked defiance in a puny, but most amusing way.

All at once a faint "Whoop!" echoing and resounding through the aisles of the forest caught my ear, followed almost immediately by a low and distinct bay. "*Whoo-ooop—ee!—wow-wow-wow-wow!*"

What an infernal racket! Surely that was "Hark's" voice, a staunch old hound, of whom it was his master's boast, "He never gave tongue on false scent."

"*Whoo-ooop!*" Then "Jude" took up the cry, followed by a clarion note from "Jack;" then a chorus from a dozen throats as the pack joined in the melody, causing the whole woods to ring again.

"*Whoo-ooo-ooop!*"—Louder and clearer than before. And how the noise deafened; the forest fairly trembled with the mighty roll. Then a new sound, as of some great creature crashing through the underwood, that caused my heart to almost cease its throbbings, then go on again with fierce strokes and plunges that seemed fairly to drown the music of the dogs. Then my head began to reel—there was a brief interval of silence—when suddenly the canine symphony burst forth again, fairly startling in its close proximity and totally unstringing my already badly shattered nerves. With the utmost difficulty I succeeded in pulling myself together sufficiently to seek concealment behind a tree, expecting every instant to see the quarry bounding before the dogs.

Another crash in the underbrush, and another effort to hold myself together. Then I went to pieces entirely as, suddenly, from the thicket to my right, and scarce a score of yards away, bounded a tremendous *something*, the like of which I had never seen before, apparently little alarmed by the commotion in the rear. After a quick pause, the creature lifted its head high in air until the antlers—

that to my distorted vision seemed to rival the forest trees—almost touched his haunches. Then with ears vibrating rapidly, he sniffed the air suspiciously, gave a quick stamp and snort, and with movements of matchless grace, made another bound; then paused again, as if scenting some unknown foe. And all this time my fingers, mysteriously transformed into *thumbs*, were frantically pressing the triggers. At last I realized the weapon was but at half-cock. With a sharp convulsive click both hammers were thrown back, and as the double flash and report followed, the quarry passed me like a whirlwind, so close that I could almost have touched him with the still smoking muzzles. Crashing through a clump of second growth, he cleared the bank with a prodigious leap, then disappeared in the forest beyond, his antlers viciously rasping among the branches of the hackmatacks.

"*Missed, by Jove!*" And strange to say, I was in a perfect funk, with perspiration streaming from every pore. "Buck-ague" had seized me in shivering grasp, and that, too, in its most decisive and deplorable form.

On came the dogs, bristles up, tongues lolling, savage as a pack of harried wolves. I fairly screeched myself hoarse—but to no avail, for the scent was breast high and reeking hot. With a leap that rivalled the stag's, "Hark" led the way over the bank into the bottom, "Jude," "Blossom," and "Jack" following—then all the rest in a bunch; and with another burst of sound were away, leaving me to meditate upon the mutability of mundane affairs, as applied to game and dogs. Then came Graham, high in oath, furiously tearing his way through the underwood—I wished him miles away.

"Why didn't you stop that deer? And both barrels, too! Are the hounds gone? Well, you *are* a *gowk*! I'll not see 'Jude' or 'Hark' for a week, the headstrong brutes!"



"Down I went."

"He was as big as a horse, Rab,"—and then I chanced to get a glimpse of a hitherto unnoticed gout of blood upon the leaves—"but I hit him, of course. Look there!"

"Aye, as auld Sanny Crawford tanned our hides, flogged at the hurdles and welted the legs—but then he was near-sighted, and I'll be d—d if you are. Hit him too far back—in the hip or loin I suppose." But, bending down to examine the trail, he all at once flashed out:

"Deer! That is no *deer*, my lad; it's an elk—the 'Big Elk' for a thousand! Look alive now, and we may yet head him at the bend beyond the swamp. The dogs will never leave him so long as they have a leg, and we may yet redeem this day's work; he's bound to soil! And off he dashed,

following the ridge that here separated the hackmatack from the hardwood, taking the chord of the arc which experience taught him the quarry would most likely follow.

Over roots and logs, through brush, down hollows, up knolls, now and again leg deep in some swale, on he went, helter-skelter, until I was fairly winded. "May the deil tak' sic going!" Verily, none but a practiced bushman could hold the pace, and I—well, I had been "in grease" for twenty years, and, indeed, never made pretensions to rank among the "lean kine"; I literally larded the earth with every stride.

After an hour of such toil, I emerged into a little glade, at the top of which Rab had paused to reconnoitre. Now he was down on his knees anxiously

scanning the turf, peering across the river which here swept the foot of an open slope, on the other side of which lay a long, half brake, half morass, that at one time, doubtless, had been the bed of another stream. The sight of my companion gave me new heart, and I rushed noisily up the incline and with a gasp flung myself along the sward.

"*C-r-r-r-ash!*"—and, still dripping with water, up sprang the stag from a thicket almost beneath Rab's nose; manifestly he had thrown off the hounds by twice crossing the river, a bit of cunning that upset all anticipation and discretion. Two reports followed—both palpable misses; for now it was my companion's turn to be flurried, and as the game bounded away, apparently still fresh, down went the gun to the ground as Graham gave vent to: "The Big Elk, by all that's holy:" followed by a string of emphatic Gaelic imprecations. Then recovering his double-barrel, he dashed forward in pursuit, believing the brute must be badly hurt, else he had never thus paused until a dozen miles intervened between himself and foes. Meanwhile, bewildered by the shouts, the quarry left the ridge for the lower ground, and with a leap over a prostrate rampike, disappeared behind a clump of alders.

I picked my way carefully after Rab, but soon sought the lower ground as being less encumbered and easier to travel. Finally, estopped by a wide strip of marsh, after several vain attempts to avoid without climbing through the hill tangle wood, I essayed to cross by means of an upturned tree, its trunk a dozen feet in air, that promised dry footing at the other side. But while it well served the purpose of a bridge, when nearly over my ill-luck returned. When still a couple of rods of tree trunk remained 'ere could be reached the limbs of the top whereby to clamber down, one foot suddenly slipped, and finding it impossible to recover, I sprang out boldly for a bit

of level, heavily strewed with leaves, relics of October gales that promised to ease the fall; and well it fulfilled its promise! Down I went, plump in the middle of a pool of black, tenacious mud, treacherously concealed beneath the superabundance of fallen foliage. It was indeed a pretty pickle that received the most dependent parts of my anatomy, and I dragged gun and arms out of the semi-fluid stuff, and straightened up, only to find myself engulfed to the hips in very sticky nastiness; I was in doubt whether to laugh or swear. Then a vigorous essay to reach hard ground became abortive; every scramble seemed to send me deeper. Quickly I became submerged to the waist; when, seeing how futile were all efforts, I gave over to await Rab's return.

Presently it appeared as if I was slowly, though all but imperceptibly, sinking; and a few moments of observation confirmed as a veritable fact. With renewal of the struggle the results naturally proved the reverse of beneficial. Then it suddenly flashed upon my brain that the position was one of danger, that the bottom of the slough might be fathoms deep; and I began a series of frantic shouts that soon were rewarded by a response, and a few seconds later, by the presence of Grahame himself.

And how he roared and fairly doubled up in ecstasies of merriment, meantime diverting himself by flinging at my head all sorts of sage advice such as "Another time, look before you leap," "Legs do not reach quite far enough," and all the rest of it; and it was only with the greatest difficulty I succeeded in making him comprehend the reality of the predicament—that I was in the embrace of a veritable quagmire; that its clutches were becoming more dangerous with every moment of delay. Then he rushed down to examine the surroundings, only to find no means of fairly reaching me, the ground for half a score of

rods on either side being of the same treacherous, quaking stuff.

"Drop your gun flat-wise of the stock, Archie, and rest your arms over it—spread all you can, and take advantage of every bit of support. Now, look out for this when I send it to you"—and by sheer weight and strength he forced over to me a stout young ash of second growth that stood upon edge of the sink. "Easy now, easy," as I made an extra effort and eagerly grasped at the branching tops. "Hang on now for all you are worth, while I fetch John and the rope." And away he rushed, *coo-ee-ing* to Grahame Junior at the top of his pipe.

Once fairly alone again, all the horrors real and possible, of the situation became duly exaggerated. Rab might delayed; John would doubtless be difficult to find in all the expanse of bush; perhaps this rope might have been forgotten (although as a matter of fact it was never left behind when driving deer, it being essential to the galloching). My strength, already severely taxed by the attempts to vie with my friend in traversing forest and marsh and by unavailing efforts at extrication, might give out at any instant. Then I endeavored to count off the minutes as a means of enforcing patience and partial forgetfulness; but this quickly proved a failure demanding more concentration than I was at this juncture capable of. Presently I imagined my hold relaxing, and convulsively grasped the branches anew. Next my head began to reel, and hands to numb—had they really slipped, or was it fancy? Disregarding Rab's injunction, I resolved to again try to help myself—at least endeavor to render the situation more tolerable.

By drawing steadily upon the sapling, and working slowly and cautiously, I at last succeeded in securing a more comfortable position. Another attempt secured the positive satisfaction of having risen a couple of inch-

es, the elasticity of the ash enabling me to retain all vantage gained. A third effort yielded even greater results; surely with such aid I might work way to some sort of solid footing. After a brief breathing spell, I tried again and succeeded so well I felt another pull or two would place me in comparative safety. Finally I unclasped one hand to lay hold of a branch above my head tantalizingly, all but within reach. Three essays proved futile, but with a fourth I had it in my fingers, almost in grasp, when with a sharp crack the bough that now supported my entire weight through the left hand snapped close off, and back I soused again into the mire if anything deeper than before.

The pool, stirred by repeated efforts, had certainly become more fluid, and consequently more dangerously active, for down, down I sank, constantly going lower, and speedily was submerged to the armpits, and to a degree that seriously impeded respiration. And now I lost head entirely—frantically shouting and yelling for help—but Rab apparently was entirely beyond reach of voice. My senseless struggles were fast sending me lower and lower; every minute seemed an age with its terrors. The last hope fled, and I felt I must quickly go under and be smothered like some foul reptile in noisome ooze.

More idiotic and useless efforts at extrication, and then the violent exertion mercifully bereft me of all senses; everything became blank; and yet I subsequently realized I had a bare perception of a responsive shout.

* * * * *

When restored to consciousness again, it was to find my head pillowed upon Rab's knee, a whisky flask wedged between my teeth, and John busy chafing hands and wrists. After a bit, when the Islay had done its work, I was assisted to the perpendicular, relieved in part of the pickle, and by four stout arms half carried, half dragged to the house and put to bed.

The adventure proved more serious than even I was at first willing to acknowledge; there was not only severe nervous prostration, but a physical strain from which, owing to weakness of some years standing resultant upon an old wound, I was very slow to recover. At the end of a week when an endeavor was made to get down stairs, both head and legs protested, and I was glad to get back to the sofa and yield to the demand that I would not for a moment attempt to abandon the hospitable roof of my friends until fully restored. My medical adviser, an egotistical bundle of quackery and conceit, doubtless influenced by pecuniary reasons, enjoined the greatest possible caution and quiet, since forsooth there was evidence of "stagnation of the vital current,"—whatever that may mean—a dictum in which, barring certain mental restrictions, I was half inclined to concur. Thus it was more than two months after my first introduction to County Bruce that I made my adieus.

We secured the stag after all. Rab and John, while returning to my assistance, discovered him in like predicament to my own—hopelessly mired. Having seen me once safely cared for, they retraced their steps, ignominiously knocked him on the head with an axe, and dragged him to *terra firma*. More, it was the "Big Elk," a giant of his race, that has so often escaped the bullet as to become accredited by the simple country folk with almost supernatural attributes; and best of all the gralloching revealed the wound inflicted by my hand to be mortal, though but for the miring the creature would in all probability have been lost.

At mid-summer, having taken up permanent residence in the "Queen City of Canadians," I returned to

Grahame's, and this brief stay was so flattering to my vanity that it was found necessary to repeat the same during the succeeding holidays; and during the latter a wedding, in which I figured somewhat conspicuously, came off at the old farm house. At that time too, I was made the recipient of the antlered head of the "Big Elk" mounted in a life-like manner by the cunning hand of Rab; and the skin duly prepared, gorgeously lined and trimmed, served as one of the rugs to the vehicle that bore the "happy couple" through the wilderness to the railway.

At the time of which I have written considerable numbers of wapiti, or Canadian stag (*Cervus Canadensis*), haunted that portion of Ontario lying between Georgian Bay and Lake Huron as far south possibly as the head waters of Maitland River, and though an isolated individual may yet, perhaps, now and then be encountered in the Indian Peninsula or the Muskoka District, the race is practically extinct, and he who would seek such noble quarry must needs pass beyond the great lakes to upper Dakota, to Montana, or the remote regions of the Northwest Territory in the vicinity of the Rockies.

Though by vulgar custom denominating an "Elk," the Canadian stag is far from being a prototype of the *Livonian* or *Scandinavian Alces* that is identical with the American "moose;" on the contrary it is specifically if not generally allied to the red deer of North Britain, which it closely resembles. By like twisting of nomenclature, however, the title "Red Deer" on the hither side of the Atlantic is made to do duty for the Caribou or Woodland Reindeer, (*Rangifer Caribou*).



KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH."

CHAPTER I.

PANDEMONIUM.

IT was the morning before the Twelfth, five-and twenty years ago, and nothing like unto Muirtown Station could have been found in all the travelling world. For Muirtown, as everbody knows, is the centre which receives the southern immigrants in autumn, and distributes them, with all their belongings of servants, horses, dogs and luggage, over the north country from Athole to Sutherland. All night, through trains, whose ordinary formation had been reinforced by horse boxes, carriage trucks, saloons and luggage vans, drawn by two engines and pushed up inclines by another, had been careering along the three iron trunk roads that run from London to the North. Four hours ago they had forced the border that used to be more jealously guarded, and had begun to converge on their terminus. Passengers, awakened by the caller air, and looking out still half asleep, miss the undisciplined hedgerows and many-shaped patches of pasture, the warm brick homesteads and shaded ponds. Square fields cultivated up to a foot of the stone dykes or wire fencing, the strong grey-stone farmhouses, the swift-running burns, and the never-distant hills, brace the mind. Local passengers come in with deliberation, whose austere faces condemn the luxurious disorder of night travel, and challenge the defence of Arminian doctrine. A voice shouts "Carstairs Junction," with a command of the letter r, which is the bequest of an unconquerable past and inspires one with the hope of some day hearing a freeborn Scot say "Auchterarder." The train runs over bleak moorlands with black peat holes, through alluvial straths yielding their last pickle of corn, between iron furnaces blazing strangely in the morning light, at the foot of historical castles on rocks that rise

out of the fertile plains, and then, after a space of sudden darkness, any man with a soul counts the ten hours' dust and heat but a slight price for a sight of the Scottish Rhine flowing deep, clear, and swift by the foot of its wooded hills, and the "Fair City" in the heart of her meadows.

"Do you see the last wreath of mist floating off the summit of the hill, and the silver sheen of the river against the green of the woods? Quick, dad," and the General, accustomed to obey, stood up beside Kate for the brief glimpse between the tunnel and a prison. Yet they had seen the snows of the Himalayas, and the great river that runs through the plains of India. But it is so with Scottish folk that they may have lived opposite the Jungfrau at Murren, and walked among the big trees of the Yosemite Valley, and watched the blood-red afterglow on the Pyramids, and yet will value a sunset behind the Cuchullin hills, and the Pass of the Trossachs, and the mist shot through with light on the sides of Ben Nevis, and the Tay at Dunkeld—just above the bridge—better guerdon for their eyes.

"Aye, lassie,"—the other people had left at Stirling, and the General fell back upon the past—"there's just one bonnier river, and that's the Tochty at a bend below the Lodge as we shall see it, please God, this evening."

"Tickets," broke in a voice with authority. "This is no the station, an' ye 'ill hae to wait till the first diveision o' yir train is emptied. Kildrummie? Ye change, of coorse, but yir branch 'ill hae a lang wait the day. It 'ill be an awfu' fecht wi' the Hielant train. Muirtown platform 'll be worth seein'; it 'll juist be mighty," and the collector departed, smacking his lips in prospect of the fray.

"Upon my word," said the General, taken aback for a moment by the easy manners of his countrymen, but rejoicing in every new assurance of home, "our people are no blate."

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"Isn't it delicious to be where character has not been worn smooth by centuries of oppression, but where each man is himself? Conversation has salt here, and tastes in the mouth. We've just heard two men speak this morning, and each face is bitten into my memory. Now our turn has come," and the train came in at last.

Porters, averaging six feet and with stentorian voices, were driving back the mixed multitude in order to afford foothold for the new arrivals on that marvellous landing place, which served for all the trains which came in and all that went out, both north and south. One man tears open the door of a first with commanding gesture. "A' change and hurry up. Na, na," rejecting the offer of a private engagement; "we hev nae time for that trade the day. Ye maun cairry yir bags yersels; the dogs and boxes 'll tak us a' oor time." He unlocks an under compartment and drags out a pair of pointers, who fawn upon him obsequiously in gratitude for their release. "Doon wi' ye," as one to whom duty denies the ordinary courtesies of life, and he fastens them to the base of an iron pillar. Deserted immediately by their deliverer, the pointers make overtures to two elderly ladies, standing bewildered in the crush, to be repulsed with umbrellas, and then sit down upon their tails in despair. Their forlorn condition, left friendless amid this babel, gets upon their nerves, and after a slight rehearsal, just to make certain of the tune, they lift up their voices in melodious concert, to the scandal of the two females who cannot escape the neighborhood, and regard the pointers with horror. Distant friends, also in bonds and distress of mind, feel comforted and join cheerfully, while a large black retriever, who had foolishly attempted to obstruct a luggage barrow with his tail, breaks in with a high solo. Two colliers, their tempers irritated by obstacles as they followed their masters, who had been taking their morning in the second class refreshment room, fall out by the way, and obtain as by magic a clear space in which to settle details; while a fox terrier, escaping from his anxious mistress, has mounted a pile of boxes and gives a general challenge.

Porters fling open packed luggage vans with a swing, setting free a cataract of

portmanteaus, boxes, hampers, baskets, which pours across the platform for yards, led by a frolicsome black leather valise whose anxious owner has fought her adventurous way to the van for the purpose of explaining to a phlegmatic Scot that he would know it by a broken strap, and must lift it out gently, for it contained breakables.

"It can gang itsel, that ane," as the afflicted woman followed its reckless progress with a wail. "Sall, if they were as clever on their feet as yon box there wud be less tribble," and with two assistants he fell upon the congested mass within. They perform prodigies of strength, handling huge trunks that ought to have filled some woman with repentance as if they were Gladstone bags, and light weights as if they were paper parcels. With unerring scent they detect the latest label among the remains of past history, and the air resounds with "Hielant train" "Aiberdeen fast," "Aiberdeen slow,"—"Muirtown"—this with indifference—and at a time "Dunleith," and once "Kildrummie," with much contempt. By this time stacks of baggage of varying size have been erected, the largest of which is a pyramid in shape, with a very uncertain apex.

Male passengers—heads of families and new to Muirtown—hover anxiously round the outskirts and goaded on by female commands, rush into the heart of the fray for the purpose of claiming a piece of luggage, which turns out to be some other person's, and retire hastily after a fair-sized portmanteau descends on their toes, and the sharp edge of a trunk takes them in the small of the back. Footmen with gloves and superior airs make gentlemanly efforts to collect the family luggage, and are rewarded by having some hopelessly vulgar tin boxes heavily roped, deposited among its initialled glory. One elderly female who had been wise to choose some other day to revisit her native town, discovers her basket flung up against a pillar, like wreckage from a storm, and settles herself down upon it with a sigh of relief. She remains unmoved amid the turmoil, save when a passing gun-case tips her bonnet to one side, giving her a very rakish air, and a good-natured retriever on a neighboring box is so much taken with her appearance that he offers her a friend-

ly caress. Restless people who remember that their train ought to have left half an hour ago, and cannot realize that all bonds are loosed on the eleventh fasten on any man in a uniform, and suffer many rebuffs.

"There's nae use in asking me," answers a guard, coming off duty and pushing his way through the crowd as one accustomed to such spectacles; "a'm just in frae Carlisle; get haud o' a porter."

"Cupar Angus?"—this from the porter—"that's the Aiberdeen slow; it's no made up yet, and little chance o't till the express an' the Hielant be aff. Wha'll it start frae?" breaking away; "forrit, a' tell ye, forrit."

Fathers of families, left on guard and misled by a sudden movement "forrit," rush to the waiting-room, and bring out, for the third time, the whole expedition, to escort them back again with shame. Barrows with towering piles of luggage are pushed through the human mass by two porters, who allow their engine to make its own way with much confidence, co-descending only at a time to shout, "A' say, hey, oot o' there," and treating any testy complaint with the silent contempt of a drayman for a costermonger. Old hands, having fed at their leisure in callous indifference to all alarms, lounge about in great content, and a group of sheep farmers, having endeavored in vain, after one tasting, to settle the merits of a new sheep dip, take a glance in the "Hielant" quarter, and adjourn the conference once more to the refreshment-room. Groups of sportsmen discuss the prospects of tomorrow in detail, and tell stories of ancient twelfths, while chieftains from London, in full Highland dress, are painfully conscious of the whiteness of their legs. A handful of preposterous people, who persist in going south when the world has its face northwards, threaten to complain to head quarters if they are not sent away, and an official with a loud voice and a subtle gift of humor intimates that a train is about to leave for Dundee.

During this time wonderful manœuvres have been executed on the lines of rail opposite the platform. Trains have left with all the air of a departure and disappear round a curve outside the station, only to return in fragments. Half-a-dozen carriages pass without an engine, as if they had started on their

own account, break vans that one saw presiding over expresses stand forsaken, a long procession of horse boxes rattles through, and a saloon carriage, with people, is so much in evidence that the name of an English Duke is freely mentioned, and every new passage relieves the tedium of the waiting.

Out of all this confusion trains begin to grow and take shape, and one, with green carriages, looks so complete that a rumor spreads that the Hielant train has been made up and may appear any minute in its place. The sunshine beating through the glass roof, the heat of travel, the dust of the station, the moving carriages with their various colors, the shouts of railway officials, the recurring panics of fussy passengers, begin to affect the nerves. Conversation becomes broken, porters are beset on every side with questions they cannot answer, rushes are made on any empty carriages within reach, a child is knocked down and cries.

Over all this excitement and confusion one man is presiding, untiring, forceful, ubiquitous—a sturdy man, somewhere about five feet ten, whose lungs are brass and nerves fine steel wire. He is dressed, as to his body, in brown corduroy trousers, a blue jacket and waistcoat with shining brass buttons, a grey flannel shirt and a silver-braided cap, which, as time passes, he thrusts farther back on his head till its peak stands at last almost erect, a crest seen high above the conflict. As to the soul of him, this man is clothed with resolution, courage, authority, and an infectious enthusiasm. He is the brain and will of the whole organism, its driving power. Drivers lean out of their engines, one hand on the steam throttle, their eyes fixed on this man; if he waved his hands, trains move; if he held them up, trains halt. Strings of carriages out in the open are carrying out his plans, and the porters toil like maniacs to meet his commands. Piles of luggage disappear as he directs the attack, and his scouts capture isolated boxes hidden among the people. Every horse box has a place in his memory, and he has calculated how many carriages would clear the north traffic; he carries the destination of families in his head, and has made arrangements for their comfort. "Soon ready now, sir," as he passed swiftly down to

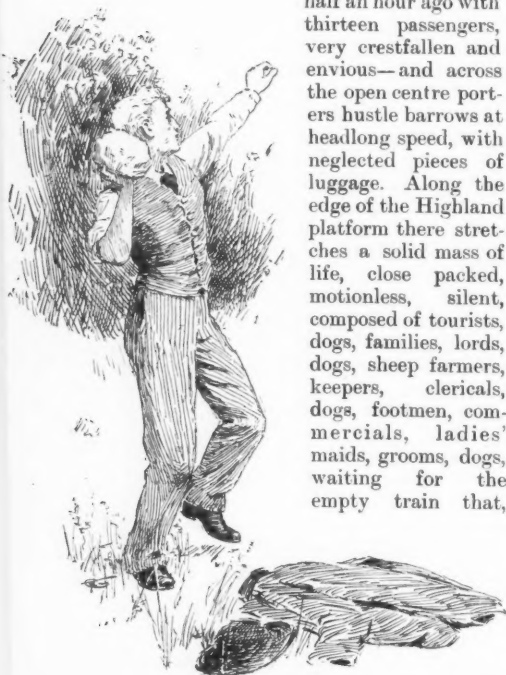
receive the last southerner, "and a second compartment reserved for you," till people watched for him, and the sound of his voice. "forrit, wi' the Hielant luggage," inspired bewildered tourists with confidence, and became an argument for Providence. There is a general movement towards the northern end of the station; five barrows, whose luggage swings dangerously and has to be held on, pass in procession; dogs are collected and trailed along in bundles; families pick up their bags and press after their luggage, cheered to recognize a familiar piece peeping out from among strange goods; a bell is rung with insistence. The Aberdeen express leaves—its passengers regarding the platform with pity—and the guard of the last van slamming his door in triumph. The great man concentrates his forces with a wave of his hand for the *tour de force* of the year, the despatch of the Hielant train.

The southern end of the platform is now deserted—the London express departed

half an hour ago with thirteen passengers, very crestfallen and envious—and across the open centre porters hustle barrows at headlong speed, with neglected pieces of luggage. Along the edge of the Highland platform there stretches a solid mass of life, close packed, motionless, silent, composed of tourists, dogs, families, lords, dogs, sheep farmers, keepers, clericals, dogs, footmen, commercials, ladies' maids, grooms, dogs, waiting for the empty train that,

after deploying hither and thither, picking up some trifle, a horse box or a duke's saloon, at every new raid, is now backing in slowly for its freight. The expectant crowd has ceased from conversation, sporting or otherwise; respectable elderly gentlemen brace themselves for the scramble, and examine their nearest neighbours suspiciously; heads of families gather their belongings round them by signs and explain in a whisper how to act; one female tourist—of a certain age and severe aspect—refreshes her memory as to the best window for the view of Killiecrankie. The luggage has been piled in huge masses at each end of the siding; the porters rest themselves against it, taking off their caps and wiping their foreheads with handkerchiefs of many colors and uses. It is the stillness before the last charge; beyond the outermost luggage an arm is seen waving, and the long coil of carriages begins to twist into the station.

People who know their ancient Muirtown well, and have taken part in this day of days, will remember a harbor of refuge beside the bookstall, protected by the buffers of the Highland siding on one side and a breakwater of luggage on the other, and persons within this shelter could see the storming of the train to great advantage. Carmichael, the young Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty, who had been tasting the civilization of Muirtown overnight and was waiting for the Dunleith train, leant against the back of the bookstall watching the scene with frank, boyish interest. Rather under six feet in height, he passed for more, because he stood so straight and looked so slim, for his limbs were as slender as a woman's, while women (in Muirtown) had envied his hands and feet. But in chest measure he was only two inches behind Saunders Baxter, the grievance of Drumsheugh, who was the standard of manhood by whom all others were tried and (mostly) condemned in Drumtochty. Chancing to come upon Saunders putting the stone one day with the bothy lads, Carmichael had taken his turn, with the result that his stone lay foremost in the final heat by an inch exactly. MacLure saw them kneeling together to measure, the Free Kirk minister and the ploughmen all in a bunch, and went on his way rejoicing to tell the Free Kirk folk that their



CARMICHAEL HAD TAKEN HIS TURN.

new minister was a man of his hands. His hair was fair, just touched with gold, and he wore it rather long, so that in the excitement of preaching a lock sometimes fell down on his forehead, which he would throw back with a toss of his head—a gesture Mrs. Macfadyen, our critic, thought very taking. His dark blue eyes used to enlarge with passion in the Sacrament and grow so tender, the healthy tan disappeared and left his cheeks so white, that the mothers were terrified lest he should die early, and sent offerings of cream on Monday morning. For though his name was Carmichael, he had Celtic blood in him, and was full of all kinds of emotion, but mostly those that were brave and pure and true. He had done well at the University, and was inclined to be philosophical, for he knew little of himself and nothing of the world. There were times when he allowed himself to be supercilious and sarcastic; but it was not for an occasional jingle of cleverness the people loved him, or, for that matter, any other man. It was his humanity that won their hearts, and this he had partly from his mother, partly from his training. Through a kind providence and his mother's countryness, he had been brought up among animals—birds, mice, dormice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, dogs, cattle, horses, till he knew all their ways, and loved God's creatures as did St. Francis d'Assisi, to whom every creature of God was dear, from Sister Swallow to Brother Wolf. So he learned, as he grew older, to love men and women and little children, even although they might be ugly, or stupid, or bad-tempered, or even wicked, and this sympathy cleansed away many a little fault of pride and self-conceit and impatience and hot temper, and in the end of the days made a man of John Carmichael. The dumb animals had an instinct about this young fellow, and would make overtures to him that were a certificate for any situation requiring character. Horses by the wayside neighed at his approach, and stretched out their velvet muzzles to be stroked. Dogs insisted upon sitting on his knees, unless quite prevented by their size, and then they put their paws on his chest. Hillocks was utterly scandalised by his colliery's familiarity with the minister, and brought him to his senses by the applica-

tion of a boot, but Carmichael waived all apologies. "Rover and I made friends two days ago on the road, and my clothes will take no injury." And indeed they could not, for Carmichael, except on Sunday and at funerals, wore a soft hat and suit of threadbare tweeds, on which a microscopist could have found traces of a peat bog, moss off dykes, the scale of a trout, and a tiny bit of heather.

His usual fortune befell him that day in Muirtown Station, for two retrievers, worming their way through the luggage, reached him, and made known their wants.

"Thirsty? I believe you. All the way from England, and heat enough to roast you alive. I've got no dish, else I'd soon get water.

"Inverness? Poor chaps, that's too far to go with your tongues like a limekiln. Down, good dogs; I'll be back in a minute."

You can have no idea, unless you have tried it, how much water a soft clerical hat can hold—if you turn up the edges and bash down the inside with your fist, and fill the space up to the brim. But it is difficult to convey such a vessel with undiminished content through a crowd, and altogether impossible to lift one's eyes. Carmichael was therefore quite unconscious that two new-comers to the shelter were watching him with keen delight as he came in bare-headed, flushed, triumphant—amid howls of welcome—and knelt down to hold the cup till—drinking time about in strict honour—the retrievers had reached the maker's name.

"Do you think they would like a biscuit?" said a clear, sweet, low voice, with an accent of pride and just a flavour of amusement in its tone. Carmichael rose in much embarrassment, and was quite confounded.

They were standing together—father and daughter, evidently—and there was no manner of doubt about him. A spare man, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, straight as a rod, and having an air of command, with keen grey eyes, close-cropped hair turning white, a clean-shaven face except where a heavy moustache covered a firm-set mouth—one recognised in him a retired army man of rank, a colonel at least, it might be a general; and the bronze on his face suggested long Indian

service. But he might have been dressed in Rob Roy tartan, or been a naval officer in full uniform, for all Carmichael knew. A hundred thousand faces pass before your eyes and are forgotten, mere physical impressions; you see one, and it is in your heart for ever, as you saw it the first time. Wavy black hair, a low, straight forehead, hazel eyes with long eyelashes, a perfectly-shaped Grecian nose, a strong mouth, whose upper lip had a curve of softness, a clear-cut chin with one dimple, small ears set high in the head, and a rich creamy complexion—that was what flashed upon Carmichael as he turned from the retrievers. He was a man so unobservant of women that he could not have described a woman's dress to save his life or any other person's; and now that he is married—he is a middle-aged man now and threatened with stoutness—it is his wife's reproach that he does not know when she wears her new spring bonnet for the first time. Yet he took in this young woman's dress, from the smart hat with a white bird's wing on the side, and the close-fitting tailor-made jacket, to the small, well-gloved hand in dog-skin, the grey tweed skirt, and one shoe, with a tip on it, that peeped out below her frock. Critics might have hinted that her shoulders were too square, and that her figure wanted somewhat in softness of outline; but it seemed to Carmichael that he had never seen so winsome or high-bred a woman; and so it has also seemed to many who have gone farther afield in the world than the young minister of Drumtochty.

Carmichael was at that age when a man prides himself on the dressing and thinking as he pleases, and had quite scandalised a Muirtown elder—a stout gentleman, who had come out in '43, and could with difficulty be weaned from Dr. Chalmers—by making his appearance on the preceding evening in amazing tweeds and a grey flannel shirt. He explained casually that for a fifteen-mile walk flannels were absolutely necessary, and that he was rather pleased to find that he had come from door to door in four hours and two minutes exactly. His host was at a loss for words, because he was comparing this unconventional youth with the fathers, who wore large white stocks and ambled along at about two and a half miles an

hour, clearing their throats also in a very impressive way, and seasoning the principles of the Free Kirk with snuff of an excellent fragrance. It was hard even for the most generous charity to identify the spirit of the Disruption in such a figure, and the good elder grew so proper and so didactic that Carmichael went from bad to worse.

"Well, you would find the congregation in excellent order. The Professor was a most painstaking man, though retiring in disposition, and his sermons were thoroughly solid and edifying. They were possibly just a little above the heads of Drumtochty, but I always enjoyed Mr. Cunningham myself," nodding his head as one who understood all mysteries.

"Did you ever happen to hear the advice Jamie Souter gave the deputation from Muirtown when they came up to see whether Cunningham would be fit for the North Kirk, where two Bailies stand at the plate every day, and the Provost did not think himself good enough to be an elder?" for Carmichael was full of wickedness that day, and earning a judgment.

His host indicated that the deputation had given in a very full and satisfactory report—he was, in fact, on the Session of the North himself—but that no reference had been made to Jamie.

"Well, you must know," and Carmichael laid himself out for narration, "the people were harassed with raids from the Lowlands during Cunningham's time, and did their best in self-defence. Spying makes men cunning, and it was wonderful how many subtleties the deputations used to practise. They would walk from Kildrummie as if they were staying in the district, and one retired tradesman talked about the crops as if he was a farmer, but it was a pity that he didn't know the difference between the cereals.

"Yon man that wes up aifter yir minister, Elspeth,' Hillocks said to Mrs. Macfadyen, 'Hesna hed muckle money spent on his eddication. A graund field o' barley,' he says, and as sure as a'm stannin' here, it wes the haugh field o' aits."

"'He's frae Glagie,' was all Elspeth answered, 'and by next Friday we 'ill hae his name an' kirk. He said he wes up for a walk an' juist dropped in, the

wratch.' Some drove from Muirtown, giving out that they were English tourists, speaking with a fine East Coast accent, and were rebuked by Lachlan Campbell for breaking the Sabbath. Your men put up their trap at the last farm in Netheraird—which always has grudged Drumtochty its ministers and borne their removal with resignation—and came up in pairs, who pretended they did not know one another.

"Jamie was hearing the Professor's last lecture on Justification, and our people asked him to take charge of the strangers. He found out the town from their hats, and escorted them to the boundaries of the parish, assisting their confidences till one of your men—I think it was the Provost—admitted that it had taken them all their time to follow the sermon.

"A'm astonished at ye, said Jamie, for the Netheraird man let it out; 'yon was a sermon for young fook, juist milk, ye ken, tae the ordinar' discourses. Surely,' as if the thought had just struck him, 'ye were na thinkin' o' callin' Maister Cunningham tae Muirtown.

"Edinboorh, noo, that micht dae gin the feck o' the members be professors, but Muirtown wud be clean havers. There's times when the Drumtochty fook themselves canna understand the cratur, he's that deep. As for Muirtown'—here Jamie allowed himself a brief rest of enjoyment; 'but ye've hed a fine drive, tae sae nae-thin' o' the traivel.'

Then, having begun, Carmichael retailed so many of Jamie's most wicked sayings, and so exalted the Glen as a place "where you can go up one side and down the other with your dogs, and every second man you meet will give you something to remember," that the city dignitary doubted afterwards to his wife "whether this young man was . . . quite what we have been accustomed to in a Free Church minister." Carmichael ought to have had repentances for shocking a worthy man, but instead thereof laughed in his room and slept soundly, not knowing that he would be humbled in the dust by mid-day to-morrow.

It seemed to him on the platform as if an hour passed while he, who had played a city father, stood, clothed with shame, before this commanding young woman.

Had she ever looked upon a more abject wretch? and Carmichael photographed himself with merciless accuracy, from his hair that he had not thrown back, to an impress of dust which one knee had taken from the platform, and he registered a resolution that he would never be again boastfully indifferent to the loss of a button on his coat. She stooped and fed the dogs who did her homage, and he marked that her profile was even finer—more delicate, more perfect, more bewitching than her front face; but he still stood holding his shapeless hat in his hand, and for the first time in his life had no words to say.

"They are very polite dogs," and Miss Carnegie gave Carmichael one more chance; "they make as much of a biscuit as if it were a feast; but I do think dogs have such excellent manners, they are always so un-self-conscious."

"I wish I were a dog," said Carmichael, with much solemnity, and afterwards was filled with thankfulness that the baggage behind gave way, and that an exasperated porter was able to express his mind freely.

"Dinna try tae lift that box for ony sake, man. Sall, ye're no feared," as Carmichael, thirsting for action, swung it up unaided; and then, catching sight of the wisp of white, "A' didna see ye were a minister, an' the word cam out sudden."

"You would find it a help to say Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham," and with a smile to Carmichael, still bare-headed and now redder than ever, Miss Carnegie went along the platform to see the Hielant train depart. It was worth waiting for the two minutes' scrimmage, and to hear the great man say, as he took off his cap with deliberation and wiped his brow: "That's anither year ower; some o' you lads see tae that Dunleith train." There was a day when Carmichael would have enjoyed the scene to the full, but now he had eyes for nothing but that tall, slim figure and the white bird's wing.

When they disappeared into the Dunleith train, Carmichael had a wild idea of entering the same compartment, and in the end had to be pushed into the last second by the guard, who knew most of his regular people and every one of the Drumtochty men. He was so much engaged with his own thoughts that he gave

two English tourists to understand that Lord Kilspindie's castle, standing amid its woods on the bank of the Tay, was a recently-erected dye work, and that as the train turned off the North Track line they might at any moment enter the pass of Killiecrankie.

CHAPTER II.

PEACE.

"**T**HE last stage now, Kit; in less than two hours we'll see Tochtly woods. The very thought makes me a boy again, and it seems yesterday that I kissed your mother on the door-step of the old lodge and went off to the Crimean war.

"That's Muirtown Castle over there in the wood—a grand place in its way, but nothing to our home, lassie. Kilspindie—he was Viscount Hay then—joined me at Muirtown, and we fought through the weary winter. He left the army after the war, with lots of honour. A good fellow was Hay, both in the trenches and the mess-room.

"I've never seen him since, and I dare-say he's forgotten a battered old Indian. Besides, he's the big swell in this district, and I'm only a poor Hielant laird with a wood and a tumble-down house and a couple of farms."

"You are also a shameless hypocrite and deceiver, for you believe that the Carnegies are as old as the Hays, and you know that, though you have only two farms, you have twelve medals and seven wounds. What does money matter? It simply makes people vulgar."

"Nonsense, lassie; if a Carnegie runs down money, it's because he has got none and wishes he had. If you and I had only had a few hundreds a year over the pay to rattle in our pockets, we should have lots of little pleasures, and you might have lived in England, with all sorts of variety and comfort, instead of wandering about India with a gang of stupid old chaps who have been so busy fighting that they never had time to read a book."

"You mean like yourself, dad, and V. C. and Colonel Kinloch? Where could a girl have found finer company than with my Knights of King Arthur? And do

you dare to insinuate that I could have been content away from the regiment, that made me their daughter after mother died, and the army?"

"Pleasure!" and Kate's cheek flushed. "I've had it since I was a little tot and could remember anything—the bugles sounding reveille in the clear air, and the sergeants drilling the new drafts in the morning, and the regiment coming out with the band before, and you at its head, and hearing 'God save the Queen' at a review, and seeing the companies passing like one man before the General.

"Don't you think that's better than tea drinking, and gossiping, and sewing meetings, and going for walks in some stupid little hole of a country town? Oh, you wicked, aggravating dad. Now, what more will money do?"

"Well," said the General, with much gravity, "if you were even a moderate heiress there is no saying but that we might pick up a presentable husband for you among the lairds. As it is, I fancy a country minister is all you could expect."

"Don't . . . my ears will come off some day; one was loosened by a cut in the Mutiny. No, I'll never do the like again. But some day you will marry, all the same," and Kate's father rubbed his ears.

"No, I'm not going to leave you, for nobody else could ever make a curry to please; and if I do, it will not be a Scotch minister—horrid, bigoted wretches, V. C. says. Am I like a minister's wife, to address mothers' meetings and write out sermons? By the way, is there a kirk at Drumtochtly, or will you read prayers to Janet and Donald and me?"

"When I was a lad there was just one minister in Drumtochtly, Dr. Davidson, a splendid specimen of the old school, who, on great occasions, wore gaiters and a frill with a diamond in the centre; he carried a gold-headed stick, and took snuff out of a presentation box.

"His son Sandie was my age to a year, and many a ploy we had together; there was the jackdaw's nest in the ivy on the old tower we harried together," and the General could only indicate the delightful risk of the exploit. "My father and the Doctor were pacing the avenues at the time, and caught sight of us against

the sky. 'It's your rascal and mine, Laird,' we heard the minister say, and they waited till we got down, and then each did his duty by his own for trying to break his neck; but they were secretly proud of the exploit, for I caught my father showing old Lord Kilspindie the spot, and next time Hay was up he tried to reach the place, and stuck where the wall hangs over. I'll point out the hole this evening; you can see it from the other side of the den quite plain.

"Sandie went to the church—I wish every parson were as straight—and Kilspindie appointed him to succeed the old gentleman, and when I saw him in his study last month, it seemed as if his father stood before you, except the breeches and the frill, but Sandie has a marvellous stock; what havers I'm deiving' you with lassie."

"Tell me about Sandie this minute—did he remember the raiding of the Jackdaws!"

"He did," cried the General in great spirits; "he just looked at me for an instant—no one knew of my visit—and then he gripped my hands, and do you know, Kit, he was . . . well, and there was a lump in my throat too; it would be about forty years, for one reason and another, since we met."

"What did he say? the very words, dad," and Kate held up her finger in command.

"'Jack, old man, is this really you?'—he held me at arm's length—'man, div ye mind the jackdaw's nest?'"

"Did he? And he's to be our padre. I know I'll love him at once. Go on, everything, for you've never told me anything about Drumtochty."

"We had a glorious time going over old times. We fished up every trout again, and we shot our first day on the moor again with Peter Stewart, Kilspindie's head keeper, as fine an old highlander as ever lived. Stewart said in the evening, 'You're a pair of prave boys, as becometh your father's sons,' and Sandie gave him two and fourpence he had scraped for a tip, but I had only one and elevenpence—we were both kept bare. But he knew better than to refuse our offerings,

though he never saw less than gold or notes from the men that shot at the lodge, and Sandie remembered how he touched his Highland bonnet and said, 'I will be much obliged to you both; and you will be coming to the moor another

day, for I hef his lordship's orders.'

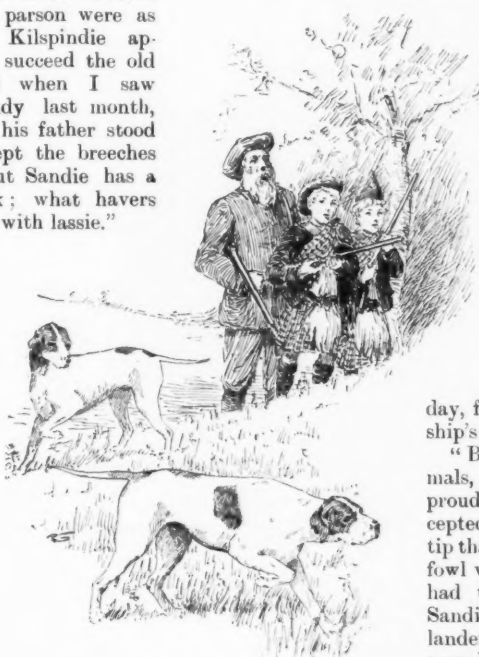
"Boys are queer animals, lassie; we were prouder that Peter accepted our poor little tip than about themuir-fowl we shot, though I had three brace and Sandie four. Highlanders are all gentlemen by birth, and be sure of this, Kit, it's only that breed which

can manage boys and soldiers. But where am I now?"

"With Sandie—I beg his reverence's pardon—with the Rev. the padre of Drumtochty," and Kate went over and sat down beside the General to anticipate any rebellion, for it was a joy to see the warrior turning into a boy before her eyes.

"Well?"

"We had a royal dinner, as it seemed to me. Sandie has a couple of servants, man and wife, who rule him with a rod of iron, but I would forgive that for the



"MANY A PLOY WE HAD TOGETHER."

cooking and the loyalty. After dinner he disappeared with a look of mystery, and came back with a cobwebbed bottle of the old shape, short and buncy, which he carried as if it were a baby.

"Just two bottles of my father's port left; we 'ill have one to-day to welcome you back, and we 'ill keep the other to celebrate your daughter's marriage.' He had one sister, younger by ten years, and her death nearly broke his heart. It struck me from something he said that his love is with her; at any rate, he has never married. Sandie has just one fault—he would not touch a cheroot; but he snuffs handsomely out of his father's box.

"Of course, I can't say anything about his preaching, but its bound to be sensible stuff."

"Bother the sermons; he's an old dear himself, and I know we shall be great friends. We 'ill flirt together, and you will not have one word to say, so make up your mind to submit."

"We shall have good days in the old place, lassie; but you know we are poor, and must live quietly. What I have planned is a couple of handy women or so in the house with Donald. Janet is going to live at the gate where she was brought up, but she will look after you well, and we 'ill always have a bed and a glass of wine for a friend. Then you can have a run up to London and get your things, Kit," and the General looked wistfully at his daughter, as one who would have given her a kingdom.

"Do you think your girl cares so much about luxuries and dresses? Of course I like to look well—every woman does, and if she pretends otherwise she's a hypocrite; but money just serves to make some women hideous. It is enough for me to have you all to myself up in your old home, and to see you enjoying the rest you have earned. We 'ill be as happy as two lovers, dad," and Kate threw an arm around her father's neck and kissed him.

"We have to change here," as the train began to slow, "and prepare to see the most remarkable railway in the empire, and a guard to correspond." And then it came upon them, the first sight that made a Drumtochty man's heart warm, and assured him that he was nearing home.

An engine on a reduced scale, that had

once served in the local goods department of a big station, and then, having grown old and asthmatic, was transferred on half-pay, as it were, to the Kildrummie branch, where it puffed between the junction and the terminus half a dozen times a day, with two carriages and an occasional coal truck. Times there were when wood was exported from Kildrummie, and then the train was taken in detachments, and it was a pleasant legend that, one market day, when Drumtochty was down in force, the engine stuck, and Drumsheugh invited the glen to get out and push. The two carriages were quite distinguished in construction, and had seen better days. One consisted of a single first class compartment in the centre, with a bulge of an imposing appearance, supported on either side by two seconds. As no native ever travelled second, one compartment had been employed as a reserve to the luggage van, so that Drumtochty might have a convenient place of deposit for calves, but the other was jealously reserved by Peter Bruce for strangers with second class tickets, that his branch might not be put to confusion. The other carriage was three-fourths third class and one-fourth luggage, and did the real work; on its steps Peter stood and dispensed wisdom, between the junction and Kildrummie.

But neither the carriage nor the engine could have made history without the guard, beside whom the guards of the main line—even of the expresses that ran to London—were as nothing—fribbles and weaklings. For the guard of the Kildrummie branch was absolute ruler, lording over man and beast without appeal, and treating the Kildrummie stationmaster as a federated power. Peter was a short man of great breadth, like unto the cutting of an oak-tree, with a penetrating grey eye, an immovable countenance, and bushy whiskers. It was understood that when the line was opened, and the directors were about to fill up the post of guard from a number of candidates qualified by long experience on various lines, Peter, who had been simply wasting his time driving a carrier's cart, came in, and sitting down opposite the board—two lairds and a farmer—looked straight before him without making any application. It was felt by all in an in-

stant that only one course was open, in the eternal fitness of things. Experience was well enough, but special creation was better, and Peter was immediately appointed, his name being asked by the chairman, afterwards, as a formality. From the beginning he took up a masterful position, receiving his cargo at the junction and discharging it at the station with a power that even Drumtochty did not resist, and a knowledge of individuals that was almost comprehensive. It is true that, boasting one Friday evening concerning the "crooded" state of the train, he admitted with reluctance that "there's a stranger in the second I canna mak oot," but it was understood that he solved the problem before the man got his luggage at Kildrummie.

Perhaps Peter's most famous achievement was his demolition of a south country bagman, who had made himself unpleasant, and the story was much tasted by our guard's admirers. This self-important and vivacious gentleman, seated in the first, was watching Peter's leisurely movements on the Kildrummie platform with much impatience, and lost all self-control on Peter going outside to examine the road for any distant passenger.

"Look here, guard, this train ought to have left five minutes ago, and I give you

notice that if we miss our connection I'll hold your company responsible."

At the sound of this foreign voice with its indecent clamor, Peter returned and took up his position opposite the speaker, while the staff and the whole body of passengers—four Kildrummie and three

Drumtochty, quite sufficient for the situation—waited the issue. Not one word did Peter deign to reply, but he fixed the irate traveller with a gaze so searching, so awful, so irresistible, that the poor man fell back into his seat and pretended to look out at the opposite window. After a pause of thirty seconds, Peter turned to the engine driver.

"They're a' here noo, an' there's nae use waitin' langer; ca' awa', but ye needna distress the engine."

It was noticed that the foolhardy traveller kept the full length of the junction between himself and Peter till the Dunleith train came in, while his very back

was eloquent of humiliation, and Hillocks offered his snuff-box ostentatiously to Peter, which that worthy accepted as a public tribute of admiration.

"Look, Kate, there he is;" and there Peter was, standing in his favorite attitude, his legs wide apart and his thumbs in his armholes, superior, abstracted, motionless till the



PETER WAS STANDING IN HIS FAVORITE POSITION.

train stopped, when he came forward.

"Prood tae see ye, General, coming back at laist, an' the Miss wi' ye; it 'ill no be the blame o' the fouk up bye gin ye bena happy. Drumtochy hes an idea o' itsel', and peety the man 'at tries tae drive them, but they're couthy."

"This wy, an' a'll see tae yir luggage," and before Peter made for the Dunleith van it is said that he took off his cap to Kate; but if so, this was the only time he had ever shown such gallantry.

Certainly he must have been flustered by something, for he did not notice that Carmichael, overcome by shyness at the sight of the Carnegies in the first, had hid himself in the second, till he closed the doors; then the Carnegies heard it all.

"It's I, Peter," very quietly; "your first has passengers to-day, and . . . I'll just sit here."

"Come oot o' that," after a moment, during which Peter had simply looked; then the hat and the tweeds came stumbling into the first, making some sort of a bow and muttering an apology.

"A'll tak' yir ticket, Maister Carmichael," with severity. "General," suddenly relaxing, "this is the Free Kirk minister of yir pairish, an' a'm jidgin' he 'ill no try the second again."

Carmichael lifted his head and caught Kate's eye, and at the meeting of humor they laughed aloud. Whereupon the General said, "My daughter, Miss Carnegie," and they became so friendly before they reached Kildrummie that Carmichael forgot his disgraceful appearance, and when the General offered him a lift up, simply clutched at the opportunity.

The trap was a four-wheeled dog-cart.

Kate drove, with her father by her side and Carmichael behind, but he found it necessary to turn round to give information of names and places, and he so managed that he could catch Kate's profile half the time.

When he got down at the foot of the hill by Hillock's farm, to go up the near road, instead thereof he scrambled along the ridge and looked through the trees as the carriage passed below, and did not escape.

"What's he glowerin' at doon there?" Hillocks enquired of Jamie Soutar to whom he was giving some directions about a dyke, and Hillocks made a reconnoissance. "A'll warrant that's the General and his dochter. She's a weel-faured lassie an' speerity-lookin'."

"It coves a'," said Jamie to himself; "the first day he ever saw her; but it's aye the way, aince an' ever, or . . . never."

"What's the Free Kirk, dad?" when Carmichael had gone. "Is it the same as the Methodists?"

"No, no, quite different. I'm not up in those things, but I've heard it was a lot of fellows who would not obey the laws, and so they left and made a kirk for themselves, where they do whatever they like. By the way, that was the young fellow we saw giving the dogs water at Muirtown. I rather like him; but why did he look such a fool, and try to escape us at the junction?"

"How should I know? I suppose because he is a . . . foolish boy. And now, dad, for the Lodge and Tochty woods."

(To be continued.)



THE NEW MONROE DOCTRINE OF MESSRS. CLEVELAND AND OLNEY.

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THE Monroe Doctrine has undergone so many modifications and has presented so many varying phases, that it becomes important to give some attention to its history. It is also important to understand its relations to the principles of International Law, and to lines of public policy that had been resolved upon at the time it was first promulgated, as well as to the circumstances under which President Cleveland now professes to revive it.

We shall see that what he calls the Monroe Doctrine, is indeed something very different from the Doctrine proclaimed 72 years ago by President Monroe. That was a Doctrine for purposes of defence,—to protect the new States of America against threatened destruction by those who had no other ground of complaint than this, that the Spanish American peoples had established for themselves institutions of government, which the great powers on the continent of Europe disliked, and which they were resolved should not be permitted to exist anywhere. President Cleveland has no such ground for the Doctrine that he promulgates. His avowed line of public policy is not for defence, but for offence. It is a declaration that there shall be but one sovereign power in the Western Hemisphere. It is as incompatible with the sovereignty of the South American Republics, as it is with that of any European power having possessions in the Western Hemisphere.

THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

The French Revolution had made a profound impression upon the minds of European sovereigns. Even after it had spent its force, they no longer felt the same security for their authority and governments, as they did before that great event. The Treaty of Vienna, concluded in 1815, had altered the political

geography of Europe, and nationalities had been subordinated to dynastic interests. People were disposed of without the slightest regard for their aspirations or their political preferences, and it was not surprising that in many parts of Europe, much as the people have suffered by war, and strongly as they desired the maintenance of peace, there were obvious indications of unrest, shortly after the general peace was concluded. Besides, the French Revolution had made a profound impression on peoples, no less than upon sovereigns, and the hands upon the dial of time, which marked the progress of the world, could never be turned back to the place at which they stood before the peace was broken. Apart from its excesses, the French Revolution had taught them a lesson—easy to learn and difficult to forget—that man had rights, social and political, and that Governments existed for him, and not he for Governments. Accordingly we find the representatives of the Great Powers meeting at Aix La Chapelle, in 1818, with the view of making regulations for the general superintendence of the nations of Europe, and to smother, if possible, what they regarded as the mischievous principles which the French Revolution had everywhere planted. How this was to be accomplished the representatives of these Powers did not, at the outset, clearly define. This union was known as the Holy Alliance, and was to exercise a police over all the smaller states of Europe and prevent any change in the direction of popular rights that might remotely endanger the stability of Monarchical Institutions. It became clear from the principles enunciated, that no change which did not emanate with the Sovereign, or which was not voluntarily conceded by him, was to be permitted by the Government of any country. Sometimes the Holy Alliance went even beyond this, and declared that if the change as-

sented to was regarded as one tending to disturb the peace and social order of Europe, it could not be permitted. In fact the doctrines of the Alliance were wholly at variance with the independent Sovereignty of States, and although Great Britain did not oppose the Alliance at the outset, as soon as it became obvious what its aims were, she withdrew from all participation, as its principles were scarcely less inimical to the institutions of the United Kingdom than to those of the most Democratic Republic.

The events which followed that congress, show how impossible it was to reconcile any rule of general intervention with the rights of Sovereignty and the independence of nations. England had, at this time, a Minister of far more than ordinary ability, and who understood equally well the aim of the great Continental States, the spirit of British institutions, and the genius of the British people. I refer to Mr. Canning. He was unwilling to be led by the despots of the continent of Europe, and he took care to separate Great Britain from that policy of intervention, which it was their aim actively to promote.

In 1820, the Governments of Austria and Prussia, Russia and France, called a convention at Troppau, and subsequently at Laybach, where the Neapolitan Revolution was discussed.

GREAT BRITAIN VS. THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

The British Government expressly dissented from the doctrines promulgated by the Holy Alliance, as contrary to the fundamental laws of England and the recognized Law of Nations. The British Government, while admitting the right of a nation to interfere in the affairs of a neighboring state, where its own security or its essential interests were jeopardized, held that it was necessary to the justification for such interference, that the necessity should be clearly established, and that it should be limited and regulated by such necessity. It further maintained, that those exceptional circumstances could never be reduced to a rule, and incorporated in the Law of Nations, but must be left to be determined by the states whose essential interests and Sovereign rights were involved.

In 1822 a fourth congress was called at

Verona, under the proceedings of which, France was led to interfere in the domestic concerns of Spain, not because any question of difference had arisen between France and Spain, but solely for the purpose of imposing upon the Spanish nation institutions at variance with those which Spain had chosen for herself. The Cortes has forced the Spanish Sovereign to concede to his subjects a reformed constitution. It was the aim of the Congress of Verona to overthrow the Spanish Constitution, and to restore in that country, arbitrary authority. The Government of France consented to become the instrument of the Holy Alliance for this purpose. The British Government declined to be a party to the proceedings of this Congress, and it denied altogether the right of one nation to interfere with the political institutions of another independent state. It is said that when Great Britain joined the other European powers, it was for the purpose of liberating Europe from the Military dominion of France. It was to secure national emancipation, and not to form an alliance for the general Government of the world. The Holy Alliance had undertaken to form a union inconsistent with the sovereignty of nations, and it was ruthlessly trampling out all reforms which had been brought about in any of the states upon the continent.

THE DANGER TO AMERICA.

There was every prospect that an attempt would be made to extend their system of coercive supervision to the American continent. It was believed that France had agreed to join Spain in the attempt to subjugate all those portions of the continent, which had once been under Spanish dominion, and of accepting compensation from Spain, by having a portion of the territories regained, transferred to her for her services in the undertaking. Such a policy, carried out on this continent, would be a menace alike to the Constitutional Monarchy of England and the Republics of America.

Mr. Canning informed the American Minister at London of what was transpiring. He told Mr. Rush that Great Britain was opposed to the policy of the Alliance. He explained the danger by which they were threatened, and maintained that

active measures should be taken to frustrate it. He said that a congress was about to be held to settle the affairs of Spanish America, and that Great Britain would take no part in it unless the United States should consent to be there represented. Mr. Rush replied that it was the traditional policy of the United States not to take any part in the settlement of European questions. This, however, was not a European question in any other sense than this, that certain European Governments were undertaking to deal with it. It was a question geographically and politically relating to America, and as it seriously affected the safety of the United States, this according to the English rule, justified interference, and the United States would not be departing from the doctrine of non-intervention in the affairs of Europe by taking part in this discussion. Mr. Canning further informed Mr. Rush, that if the United States was ready to pronounce against European intervention on the ground that its own security was jeopardised, the Government of Great Britain would be prepared to unite with them.

PRESIDENT MONROE'S ACTION.

Mr. Monroe was then President of the United States, and Mr. John Quincy Adams was his Secretary of State. On receiving Mr. Rush's despatch in reference to Mr. Canning's interview, Mr. Monroe not only consulted the members of his Cabinet, but he also consulted many prominent men in the United States who were no longer in public life, among whom were Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison.

Mr. Jefferson said :

"Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe ; our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs. America, north and south, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is laboring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavors should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom.

"One nation, most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit ; she now offers to lead, aid and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition, we detach her from the bands, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free Government, and emancipate at one stroke, what might otherwise linger in doubt and difficulty. Great Britain is the nation which can do us the

most harm of any one, or all on earth, and with her on our side, we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause. Not that I would purchase even her amity at the price of taking part in her wars.

"But the war in which the present population might engage us, should that be its consequence, is not her war but ours. Its object is to introduce and establish the American system of keeping out of our land all foreign powers—of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nations. It is to maintain our principle, not to depart from it ; and if, to facilitate this end we can affect a division in the body of European Powers, and draw over to our side its most powerful member, surely we should do it. But I am clearly of Mr. Canning's opinion, that it will prevent instead of provoking war."

Mr. Madison also addressed a reply to President Monroe, but it was full of prejudice and bitterness, which showed the hostility of a small man who cannot accept a wise offer without snarling at the one who proffered it. In that reply he says :

"Our co-operation is due to ourselves and to the world, and while it must insure success in the event of an appeal to force, it doubles the chance of success of that appeal. It is not improbable that Great Britain would like best to have the merit of being the sole champion of her new friend, notwithstanding the real difficulty to be encountered, but for the dilemma in which she would be placed. She must, in that case, either leave us as neutrals to extend our commerce and navigation at the expense of hers, or make us enemies by renewing her paper blockades, and other arbitrary proceedings on the ocean. It may be hoped that such a dilemma will not be without a permanent tendency to check her proneness to unnecessary wars.

"Why the British Cabinet should have scrupled to arrest the calamity it now apprehends, by applying to the threats of France against Spain the small efforts which it scruples not to employ in behalf of Spanish America, is best known to itself."

If Mr. Madison had been a man of a little more magnanimity, he would have discovered that to protect the Spanish colonies by her fleet was not for Great Britain a doubtful task, whereas to attempt the protection of Constitutional Government in Spain against all the Great Powers of Europe was indeed a very formidable undertaking, and one that the interests of the country in the fortunes of Spain would not have justified Mr. Canning and his colleagues in

expending the blood and treasure of the nation to make.

THE DECISION REACHED.

Mr. Monroe in his annual message to Congress upon the subject, announces his determination in respect to Mr. Canning's suggestions, which was, that the great powers of Europe would be resisted, if they interfered on behalf of Spain, in renewals of contests with her former dependencies. This determination was reached mainly for defensive purposes, and to prevent the parties to the Holy Alliance undertaking to mould the political institutions on this continent, as they were actively endeavoring to do in Europe. The message of Mr. Monroe, however, went much further. And in order that my readers may understand clearly its further declaration, I shall refer to the events out of which that declaration grew—the Russian claims upon the North-West Coast of America.

Russia claimed the North-Western part of America, along the Pacific coast, as far south as the 51st parallel of north latitude, and in 1821, the Emperor had issued a ukase claiming jurisdiction over the Northern Pacific, and forbidding to the subjects of other States the liberty of trading with the natives, or of coming within a hundred Italian miles of the shore. The United States had already acquired from Spain all her rights and interests as a Sovereign State on the western coast of North America, north of the 42nd parallel. England also claimed the same coast, and between England and the United States a temporary understanding had been arrived at. Mr. Adams informed the Russian Government that the United States did not admit that Russia could acquire any sovereign right to that part of America, as there was then no part of the American Continent any longer open to colonization, as there was no portion of it that was not already appropriated, and that the north-west coast already belonged either to England or to the United States. The Russian Minister maintained that in respect to that coast, Russia was the first to discover it, the first to occupy it, and that she had been in peaceable and uncontested possession for nearly fifty years. When the President's message reached Mr. Canning, he

took exception to this declaration. Mr. Calhoun, who was also one of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, says that this paragraph of the message was not discussed by the Cabinet, nor were the members, generally, aware that any such declaration had been inserted. It originated entirely with Mr. Adams, and it is owing to this fact that it is not made with the precision and clearness which characterize the declaration against European interference on behalf of Spain. *The two propositions embodied in the message are distinct in themselves, as they are distinct from those opinions and declarations of policy which have been put forward, from time to time, by public men, and writers in the United States, as the Monroe Doctrine.*

AN IMPORTANT QUOTATION.

President Monroe, in the message dealing with the subject of European interference, says :

"In the wars of the European Powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries, or make preparation for our defence. With the movements of this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect, from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments. And to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt, on their part, to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies, or dependencies of any European Power, we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

PRESIDENT MONROE'S FIRST DOCTRINE.

It will be seen from this paragraph that

what President Monroe pronounced against was the design of making war upon the Spanish-American Republics, for the purpose of forcing upon them that form of Government which was favored by the Holy Alliance; that he regarded the extension by foreign arms of such a system to any portion of America, as dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States; and that any steps taken to coerce those States, that had recently achieved their independence, into submitting to a despotic form of Government, as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States; that he, in fact, accepted the English doctrine of non-intervention, and was prepared to aid in upholding it against the Holy Alliance. It will also be seen that the President denied any wish or disposition to interfere with any of the Dependencies held by any European Power, and this disclaimer must apply to any attempt to limit or take away any right which by the law of nations is made incident to such a possession. The whole of this paragraph must be understood with special reference to the events out of which it grew, and it must be limited and controlled by them.

HIS SECOND DOCTRINE.

The other paragraph of the Message, which grew out of the Russian pretensions to the sovereignty of the North West Coast, contains the following observation:

"The Government of the United States has been desirous by this friendly proceeding, of manifesting the great value which they have invariably attached to the friendship of the Emperor, and their solicitude to cultivate the best understanding with his Government. In the discussion to which this interest has given rise and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been adjudged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power."

BRITAIN RESENTED THE SECOND.

When Mr. Rush received a copy of the President's Message he discussed it with Mr. Canning, who at once took exception to this paragraph in reference to America being already wholly appropriated, which was certainly not correct according to

the accepted view of Publicists, as to what was necessary to give something more than an inchoate title to the sovereignty of a country. There is no doubt of the fact that this paragraph embarrassed the negotiations between the United States and Russia, by making concerted action between England and the United States on one side, with Russia on the other, impossible. If the United States insisted that the whole continent was already appropriated, and that to every portion of it, some State or other had a perfected title, according to the principles of International Law, of course Russia could acquire no valid claim to the North West Coast, nor could a new colonial establishment anywhere be called into existence. This broad proposition Mr. Canning was prepared to deny, and in its discussion England and Russia would be found on the same side. Looking at the larger questions which threatened danger to free institutions, and in which both countries had a common interest, it was highly desirable that conflict of opinion should be avoided.

AN UNACCEPTED DOCTRINE.

In nearly all the documents which pertain to this question, the United States seem to assume that mere discovery of a country vests the sovereignty in the Government of the discoverer. This position is one which England has resisted since the days of Elizabeth. When Mendoza the Spanish ambassador complained of the expedition of Sir Francis Drake, he based the claim of Spain to America on discovery, but Elizabeth replied that:

"As she did not acknowledge the Spaniards to have any title by donation of the Bishop of Rome, so she knew no right they had to any places other than those they were in actual possession of: for that their having touched only here and there upon a coast, and given names to a few rivers and capes, were such insignificant things, as could in no way entitle them to a property further than in the parts where they actually settled and continued to inhabit."

It is true that International Law as it matured, did not settle down upon the lines either of the Spaniards or of Elizabeth. It recognizes discovery as giving an inchoate title, but it requires discovery to be followed in a reasonable time, by such possession and exercise of authority as shows the discoverer to have substantial dominion. M. Vattel says:

"Navigators going on voyages of discovery, furnished with a commission from their Sovereign, and meeting with islands or other land in a desert state, have taken possession of them in the name of their nation; and this title has been usually respected, provided it was soon after followed by a real possession."

It was clear that England could not join Mr. Adams in denying to Russia the possibility of acquisition. The American Minister in England saw that a preliminary and detached discussion of a statement of fact, which England denied and against which she protested, might have a very mischievous effect on other parts of the negotiation of far greater interest.

IT WAS ABANDONED BY THE UNITED STATES.

The United States practically abandoned this proposition in their negotiation with Russia, for they admitted that to the North-Western coast Russia had acquired the sovereignty, and that she had acquired a right in a portion of the coast to which Spain had previously made claim. So that in the very case to which this declaration was intended to apply, it broke down and was abandoned.

The Monroe Doctrine, in its main features, was a counter-declaration to the avowed policy of the Holy Alliance, which, if it had not been restrained, would have led to the re-conquest of Spanish America by Spain and France, with the support, if necessary, of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, with a determination to subject them to those despotic principles of government which the Holy Alliance had avowed, and which it was the settled policy of Mr. Canning and his colleagues to resist.

Mr. Canning's proposition to Mr. Rush, was for a joint declaration by the two Governments:

"That neither aimed at the acquisition of any part of the Spanish colonies for themselves, and that they could not see the transfer of any portion of them to any other Power with indifference."

Upon the receipt of this proposition, the Government of the United States hesitated, because even then American statesmen thought Cuba would be a most desirable acquisition, on account of its military and commercial importance. By the South especially, its incorporation into the Union was favored as a substantial

addition to the slave power. For these reasons, the Government of the United States hesitated to join in the proposed declaration. They were not ready to impose upon themselves the restraint which they were ready to extend to France. However, after full discussion, the Government of the United States made a separate declaration, which was set forth in the President's Message to Congress.

We learn from Mr. Adams, that shortly before the delivery of the Message, the President was disposed to omit all allusion to the subjects which have made this Message famous, but Mr. Adams reiterated his own strong opinions in reference to the aims of the Holy Alliance and to Russian pretensions, and the President replied:

"Well it is written, and I will not change it now."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S DOCTRINE DIFFERS.

It is plain from this simple statement of fact, that the Monroe Doctrine had its origin in the danger to Republican institutions, growing out of the determination on the part of the Great Powers of the continent of Europe to regulate the political affairs of Christendom; and this Alliance was a source of real danger alike to the United Kingdom and to the United States. We shall see that the Monroe Doctrine, as promulgated by President Cleveland, is a very different thing; it is an attempt to supersede the rules which International Law furnishes for the regulation of the intercourse of States, by an avowed public policy on the part of one State, which is as dangerous to Christendom as the aims of the Holy Alliance were to Republican institutions upon this continent, because in spirit it is the same.

THE PANAMA CONGRESS.

In 1826, the celebrated General Bolivar called a convention at Panama. The United States were invited to send thither ministers. This congress was intended to secure the union of all Spanish-America against Spain. It was a congress for military as well as for political purposes, and as it proposed to consider the best means of securing the entire abolition of the slave trade. The Democratic party in Congress was against it. The mission never took effect, though it had the sanc-

tion of both Houses of Congress, and of Mr. Adams, the President. Many of the members of Congress maintained that European interests would necessarily be a subject of discussion at the Panama conference, and if the United States became a party they would be prejudicing their own interests in the future. It was during the discussion upon this subject that Mr. Adams made clear the actual scope of the Monroe Doctrine, according to which, each state was to guard its own borders each was, for itself, to maintain the integrity of its own territories, and that the United States had not, by the Doctrine, proposed to go further than to declare that each should use its own means to secure its own exemption from European colonial intrusion.

MR. ADAMS' IDEAS IN 1826.

The words of Mr. Adams' message are,

"An agreement between all the parties represented at the meeting, that each will guard, by its own means, against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders, may be found advisable. This was more than two years since announced by my predecessor to the world, as a principle resulting from the emancipation of both the American continents. It may be so developed to the new southern nations that they may feel it an essential appendage to their independence."

The foregoing paragraph from the President's message was in reply to the Republic of Columbia, that asked that a joint compact should be entered into, by which the various republics would be mutually bound to maintain the integrity of their respective territorial rights. A committee of Congress, in reporting upon it, deprecated any such compact, and said:

"But if ever the United States permit themselves to be associated with these nations in any general congress assembled for the discussion of common plans affecting European interests, they will, by such an act, not only deprive themselves of the ability they now possess of rendering useful assistance to the other American States, but also produce other effects prejudicial to their interests. Then the powers of Europe, who have hitherto confided in the sagacity, vigilance, and impartiality of the United States, to watch, detect, announce and restrain any disposition that the heat of the existing contest might excite in the new states of America, to extend their Empire beyond their own limits, and who have, therefore, considered their possessions and commerce in America safe, while so guarded, would no longer feel this confidence."

The policy of avoiding entangling alliances, which Washington warned his countrymen against forming with European states, the committee thought proper to maintain in respect to South America. This political incident in the history of the United States, gives a clearer exposition of the Monroe Doctrine than any other to be found in connection with the discussion of the Panama mission, and it is the more valuable because its exposition is furnished by one of its principal authors. It is the very opposite of that meddlesome oversight claimed by President Cleveland.

PRESIDENT POLK'S EXPLANATION.

In 1845 President Polk protested against any possible interposition of any European state in respect to the annexation of Texas, or in other ways opposing the extension of the United States. The President maintained the United States had a right to admit Texas into the union, and that Mexico had no right to complain. But Texas was in a state of war with Mexico at the time, and her territories lay within the ancient limits of Mexico. The President adds in his message that:

"In the existing circumstances of the world, the present is to be deemed a proper occasion to reiterate and reaffirm the principle avowed by Mr. Monroe, and to state my cordial concurrence in its wisdom and sound policy. Existing rights of every European nation should be respected, but it is due alike to our safety and interests, that the efficient protection of our laws shall be extended over our whole territorial limits, and that it should be distinctly announced to the world as our settled policy, that no European colony or dominion shall, with our consent, be planted or established on any part of the North American continent."

South America is not included. This declaration in effect, looking at the acquisition of Texas, affirms that the United States will extend her territory by conquest or cession, without consulting any European state, and that she will not give her consent to the establishment in North America of any future European colony, which was a notice that she would not assent to the acquisition of Yucatan by Great Britain.

It is not stated that the United States claimed the right to restrain by force the political action or sovereignty of other states in this regard in North America. It

may be that President Polk intended to affirm that no European Power could acquire dominion, either by cession or conquest. Mr. Polk does not extend his doctrine to South America. In this he has been more modest than some of his successors, and it seems difficult to understand upon what ground the United States, that have not a square mile of South American territory in their possession, can claim any right, legal or moral, to withhold from England, France and Holland, that have extensive possessions there, the rights which International Law bestows. The United States is, no doubt, an influential state, but it is not above the law, and is not yet possessed of sufficient authority to enable it to set aside the modern law of nations, and to legislate for all Christendom.

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

The policy of the United States, as put forward by President Polk and others, under the designation of the Monroe Doctrine, was in principle and in spirit wholly disregarded in 1850, by the adoption of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in which Great Britain and the United States set forth their views and intentions in reference to the construction of a ship canal which may be made between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, through Central America. By that Treaty the Governments of the two countries agree that neither will ever obtain or maintain for itself, any exclusive control over the said ship canal, nor will either ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereof, or occupy or fortify or colonize or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either ever make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have, to or with any state or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, etc. It is clear from this Treaty that the United States did not set up any special pretensions on their own behalf, nor did they claim to have any peculiar or special right, in respect to Central American matters, which they denied to Great Britain. The modern Monroe Doctrine had no place in the settled policy of the United States at that

time, any more than it has now a place in International Law.

President Buchanan, in his annual message of 1860, points out the origin of the Central American controversies. He says that the acquisition of Texas and of California by the United States had a disturbing influence upon the British Government, because it not only might affect British interests in Central America, but British interests on the Pacific coast, and in the far east, as well; that in 1849 Great Britain undertook to so strengthen her interests in Central America as to enable her to maintain a substantial interest, political and pecuniary, in any ship canal, or in any highway which might be made there between the two oceans; that British subjects had lent money to Central American Governments, the interest on which was in arrear; that measures were adopted to recover the interest, among others was the seizure of Tiger Island in the Bay of Fonseca. The American Charge d' Affaires, Mr. Squier, negotiated a Treaty with the State of Honduras, in which the island was ceded to the United States. The acts of the officials of both Governments were disavowed, and were followed shortly after by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. In each of these proceedings there is no attempt to set up any peculiar or special right on behalf of the United States or to deny to Great Britain an equal right to protect her own interests in her intercourse with the States of this continent.

With regard to the Honduras settlement, the United States declared that the limits were to be found in the Treaty of 1783, between Great Britain and Spain. This the British Government denied, as that Treaty had been put an end to by subsequent wars, and was never revived or ratified at the establishment of peace. The British title, therefore, rested, not upon any Treaty with Spain, but upon the actual and uncontested possession of the country, so far as British authority had been extended in that region, before any of the existing Republics had become independent States, and since, in conformity with the International Law, in respect to the acquisition of contiguous territory, in respect to which the claim of no other State had been perfected by actual dominion.

PROPOSED ARBITRATION.

The Government of the United States very soon after the Treaty was ratified, complained of the English interpretation, and did not hesitate to declare that had it been known before the Treaty was ratified how the English understood it, it never would have received the sanction of the Senate, and more than one American Minister expressed the anxiety of his country to escape from its trammels. The British Government offered to refer the question of its interpretation to arbitration, but the United States Government gave them at that time no answer, and so we find Lord Clarendon, in 1858, writing to the British Minister at Washington, "we are decidedly of opinion that it would be neither consistent with our dignity nor our interest, to make any proposal to the United States Government, until we have received a formal answer to our former offer of arbitration."

The Earl of Malmesbury, who succeeded Lord Clarendon, also wrote the British Minister at Washington instructing him, that until an answer was returned to the proposal for arbitration, no further steps can be taken by Her Majesty's Government with that of the United States in regard to that matter. He also further informed him that when this point is cleared up that Her Majesty's Government in case the United States should decline arbitration, will have to determine whether they should originate a proposal for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, or adopt any other course which the circumstances of the moment may seem to recommend. He wrote "the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty has been a source of unceasing embarrassment to the country, and Her Majesty's Government, if they should be so fortunate as to extricate themselves from the difficulties which have resulted from it, will not involve themselves directly or indirectly, in any similar difficulties for the future." The United States declined arbitration, nor did they seem any more willing to abrogate the Treaty, than to settle its meaning by arbitration.

WHAT THE UNITED STATES WANTED.

The United States having extended their dominions at the expense of Mexico,

were most anxious that the British Government should surrender their acquisitions in the neighborhood of Central America, and abandon everything which gave them a material influence in that part of America. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was a concession on the part of Great Britain to the United States. By recognition, her rights in that quarter of the world were certainly not greater than they would have been had no treaty been made, and had no concessions been yielded to the Central American Republics. The United States consented to substitute the Treaty for the material guarantees which Great Britain already possessed, and could have further acquired, but once the Bay Island and Ruatan were yielded up, then the Treaty which took their place, or rather the recognitions which it contained, must be got rid of. When the British Government expressed their readiness either to arbitrate or abrogate, the United States in the end declined both propositions, but asked for such a modification of the Treaty, as to leave the English without any equivalent, for the concessions they had made. This modification the United States are not likely to secure. The abrogation they may have, and the future will determine to whose advantage that will inure; but to formally confer upon the United States special privileges in respect to a cosmopolitan undertaking, in which the interests of the British Empire are far greater than those of the Republic, is an unreasonable expectation destined to disappointment.

THE MODERN MONROE DOCTRINE.

It will not be difficult to show that the Doctrine now asserted, so inconsistent with the common rights of other States, and so antagonistic to the settled law of nations, was not found in the Monroe Doctrine as promulgated by its author, nor in the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in respect to the highways which may be established across the peninsula of Central America. That Treaty was a full recognition that such a highway was one in which all commercial States were interested, and when once made, could no more be regarded as a local highway than the Straits of Gibraltar. It is true that the United States have, on more than one occasion, endeavored

vored to maintain that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty had sole reference to the construction of the Nicaragua canal, spoken of at the time the Treaty was negotiated, and that it had no reference to anything which might arise in the future. The United States have also argued that Great Britain is not authorized to invite other states to become parties to the compact, although article six provides :

"That the contracting parties in this convention engage to invite every State with which both or either have friendly intercourse, to enter into stipulations with them similar to those which they have entered into with each other, to the end that all other States may share in the honor and advantage of having contributed to the work of such general interest and importance as the canal herein contemplated."

This is surely explicit enough. They have also maintained that the eighth article of the Treaty merely expresses a present intention on the part of the United States, and in no way binds them in respect to future proceedings. The words of the Treaty are :

"The Governments of the United States and Great Britain, having not only desired in entering into this convention to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, they hereby agree to extend their protection by treaty stipulations to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and especially the inter-oceanic communications, should the same prove to be practicable, whether by canal or railway, which are not proposed to be established by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama."

It will be seen from this quotation that the Treaty did not relate to a temporary proposition, nor was it confined to a projected work, but it embraced any canal or railway which might be undertaken in the future, in those regions, at a period no matter how remote. There is an assertion of a general principle, permanent in its character, and based upon acts equally permanent, which, if completed, would make the *status quo* to Great Britain impossible. It is preposterous to argue that this article is a mere declaration of present intention entertained 45 years ago, to take up the negotiations of the Treaty on a particular subject at a subsequent period, but did not, in the smallest degree, interfere with the freedom to adopt a different view when that distant period of time arrived. The Uni-

ted States cannot argue that the condition of things have changed, and that they are not bound to-day by the intention then expressed. There is a binding pact. The words are, "*they her. by agree to extend their protection, by Treaty stipulations to any other practicable communications.*" These words "*any other,*" do not refer to the schemes then before the high contracting parties, but to other possible ones which might subsequently take shape, and are none the less a binding agreement because they provide for subsequent Treaty stipulations to carry them into effect. From first to last they are a substantial recognition that this continent is not an exclusive preserve of the United States. The Treaty recognizes the rights of other sovereign states on this continent, and in point of right, places the Great Empire of which we form an integral part upon, at least, a footing of equality with our ambitious neighbors.

ITS RELATIONAL TO INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Let me now invite the reader's attention to the relation in which the Monroe Doctrine stands to International Law. It is a recognized law of every independent state to increase its dominions by innocent and lawful means, by the pacific acquisition of new territory, which may be brought about by the discovery and settlement of a derelict country, or by conquest and cession. It might be that England and Venezuela, or England and Brazil, might seek for a better boundary, and I know of no rule of International Law which will render it necessary that either party should be obliged to consult the United States before their understanding could be acted upon. It is true that it is open to a third state to intervene, diplomatically or by force, in the affairs of its neighbors, even when no interest is involved ; it is in the power of a pugnacious state to make war wantonly upon another, but to justify its conduct in the eyes of mankind, it must show that what is being done is, in some way, imperilling its own independence or interests of the highest consequence, and which no other state has in Public Law a right to disturb. This doctrine as the justification for intervention is recognized by writers, and has been acted upon by Governments.

AN EXAMPLE FROM HISTORY.

Early in the last century the English held the Atlantic coast from the St. Croix river southward to the borders of Florida. According to the French contention at that time, the settlements upon the shores entitled the English to the country inland to the sources of the rivers flowing into the Atlantic. The French held that the mere landing in the country and taking formal possession gave to those who did so the sovereignty, and that the taking possession of the mouth of a river entitled them to the whole area of land drained by it. The English never admitted any such principle. The French discovered the Ohio river, which flowed in the rear of the English settlements, and they claimed its whole valley. The English doctrine was that a settlement upon the bank of a river, or upon the sea coast entitled the state making it to a reasonable extent of territory. In determining the extent of such territory, the geographical conformation and the progress of settlement were elements to be taken into account. They denied that a settlement upon the sea shore entitled the state making it, to claim the lands in the interior all the way to the land's height, however distant; unless, indeed, the geographical conformation of the country was such, that the interior could only be reached by trespassing upon the territories already occupied. They recognized that settlement may proceed from the interior towards the sea, as well as from the sea towards the interior. In the settlement of New York they claimed the right to extend their colony over the water-shed to the banks of the St. Lawrence, and to the shores of Lake Ontario. With respect to the French discovery of the Ohio river, they denied that the mere discovery of a river by the French, through a country contiguous to that already settled by the English, could give a conclusive title to the French. They set up what they claimed to be the superior title of vicinage and the important right of self-preservation. Their settlers at that time had reached the slopes of the Alleghanies, and had begun to cross over. They refused to accept the mountains as a boundary between them and an unoccupied country to the west, when these mountains did

not impose an insuperable barrier to further extension. The Ohio was in their immediate neighborhood, while it was far away from any French colony, and the wilderness which the industrious agriculturist was ready to occupy could not be made a preserve for the fur-trader at Montreal. But they further maintained, that were the French allowed to acquire the back country, all the English colonists would be completely at the mercy of the French, and their right of self-preservation was superior to any right that France might set up on the ground of exploration, and of having buried a few lead plates upon which were engraven the arms of France.

The dispute in respect to the sovereignty of the Ohio valley fairly illustrates the doctrine of acquisition, and shows that the peril to which one state may be exposed by the acquisition of another state may be of such a character as to give it a superior title.

Sir Travers Twiss says in his work on the Oregon question, that "where the control of a district left unoccupied is necessary for the security of one state, and not essential to that of another, the principle of *vicinitas* would be overruled by higher considerations, as it would interfere with the perfect enjoyment of existing rights of established domain." In the possession of the valley of the Ohio, both contiguity and self-preservation were on the side of the English, and only prior exploration on the side of France.

WHERE MONROE AND CANNING DIFFERED.

When Mr. Monroe set out in his message that there was no further room for colonization in America, because there was no territory which was not already embraced within the limits of some existing state, he aimed at excluding Russia from the North-west coast. To that statement Mr. Canning did not subscribe. He did not admit that the Acts of every Government had yet been of such a character as to perfect its sovereignty over the territories to which it laid claim, and so although there might be an inchoate sovereignty extending to every acre of American territory, there might be so much delay in exercising effective jurisdiction over it, that this inchoate sovereignty, instead of being perfected, might

disappear. The Doctrine which Mr. Canning had in view is very well stated in Vattel, and has been formally set out in Articles 34 and 35 of the Berlin conference. M. Vattel says :

"But it is questioned whether a nation can by the bare act of taking possession, appropriate to itself countries which it does not really occupy, and thus engross a much greater extent of country than it is able to people or cultivate. It is not difficult to determine that such a pretension would be an absolute infringement of the natural rights of men, and repugnant to the views of nature, which, having destined the whole earth to supply the wants of mankind in general, gives no nation a right to appropriate to itself a country, except for the purpose of making use of it. The law of nations will not, therefore, acknowledge the property and sovereignty of a nation over any uninhabited countries, except as those of which it has really taken actual possession, in which it has formed settlements, or of which it makes actual use."

THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.

By articles 34 and 35 of General Act of the Conference of Berlin, it is provided :

"Any Power which henceforth takes possession of a tract of land on the coasts of the African continent, outside of its present possessions, or which being hitherto without such possessions, shall acquire them, as well as the Power which assumes a protectorate there, shall accompany the respective Acts, with a notification thereof, addressed to the other signatory Powers of the present Act, in order to enable them, if need be, to make any good claims of their own."

"The signatory Powers of the present Act recognized the obligation to insure the establishment of authority in the regions occupied by them on the coasts of the African continent, sufficient to protect the existing rights, and, as the case may be, freedom of trade and of transit under the conditions agreed upon."

The general sentiment at the Conference was that a possession was to be deemed abandoned if the intent to exercise it is not manifested within twenty-five years.

There can be no doubt that the sovereignty of both Portugal and Spain to much of the territories which they claimed was inchoate at the time that Mr. Monroe's message was addressed to Congress, and it was not at all impossible that European Powers might, within the rule which I have here set out, have claimed a further opportunity for colonization. There is no evidence that either

the President or Mr. Adams intended more by this declaration than to state what they believed to be a fact, mainly for the purpose of contesting Russia's right upon the North-West coast. It was not a declaration made with a view to the enforcement of its acceptance upon European countries, further than the rules of International Law warranted, but it was intended to show that the United States would maintain that those Spanish American provinces, that had acquired their independence would be recognized as having won from Spain the unoccupied lands that Spain herself had claimed as within the dependency, when it was under her jurisdiction, but with no better title than Spain herself possessed. This was their inchoate right. Whether it matured into perfect sovereignty, or whether it disappeared altogether, depended in each case upon those rules and usages which sovereign states have recognized and which text-writers on International Law have recorded.

WEBSTER ON COLONIZATION.

Mr. Webster, in speaking of the Panama Convention, said :

"We have a general interest that through all the vast territories rescued from the dominion of Spain, our commerce may find its way protected by treaties with Governments existing on the spot. These views and others of a similar character render it highly desirable that these new states should settle it as a part of their policy not to allow colonization within their respective territories."

"True, indeed, we do not need their aid to assist us in maintaining a course for ourselves ; but we have an interest in their assertion, and their support of the principle, as applicable to their own territory."

Here Mr. Webster supported the view of Mr. Adams, that the work of preventing colonization within the territory of each of these South American States was to be an act of public policy, by each Republic, acting on its own behalf. But even this rule, if adopted, could not prevent one state extending its settlements into the unoccupied wastes lying between it and some adjoining state, and acquiring for itself a perfect title to the territory so occupied. This is in the interest of mankind, as stated in the rule which I have quoted from Vattel.

MR. SEWARD'S OPINION.

The Monroe Doctrine did not aim at a union of the American States after the plan of the Holy Alliance, nor did it seek to impose, by force, Republican Institutions upon all the states of the New World. The existence of Brazil as an Empire for so many years, and the early Government of Mexico, negative any such intention; but it was intended to prevent the interference by any alliance of European Governments, with the domestic institutions of any American State, by armed force. When the Emperor Napoleon undertook to introduce Imperialism into Mexico, Mr. Seward said:

"France appears to be lending her great influence, with a considerable military force, to destroy the domestic Republican Government in Mexico, and to establish there an Imperial System under the sovereignty of the European Prince, who, until he assumed the Crown, was a stranger to that country. We do not insist or claim that Mexico and the other States on the American Continent shall adopt the political institutions to which we are so earnestly attached; but we do hold that the peoples of those countries are entitled to exercise the freedom of choosing and establishing institutions like our own, if they are preferred."

Later in the same discussion, Mr. Seward said:

"I cannot but infer from the tenor of your communication, that the principle cause of the discontent prevailing in the United States, with regard to Mexico is not fully apprehended by the Emperor's Government. The chief cause is not that there is a foreign army in Mexico, much less does that discontent arise from the circumstance that the foreign army is a French one. We recognize the right of sovereign nations to carry on war with others, if they do not invade our rights, or menace our safety or just influence. The real cause of our national discontent is, that the French army which is now in Mexico is invading a domestic Republican State there, which was established by her people and with which the United States sympathize most profoundly, for the avowed purpose of suppressing it and establishing upon its ruins a foreign Monarchical Government, whose presence there, so long as it should endure, could not but be regarded by the people of the United States as injurious and menacing to their own chosen and endeared Republican Institutions."

Mr. Seward does not deny that the sovereign countries on this continent are amenable to the principles of the International Law, and may be in a state of war with European States without affording to the United States any ground whatever for interference. It is only when a powerful

State seeks to impose a form of Government upon an American State, that the United States are called upon to interfere.

HE DIFFERS FROM MR. OLNEY.

This is certainly not the rule set out by Mr. Olney and President Cleveland. They have attempted to intervene in a controversy between the Government of Great Britain and Venezuela, in respect to a disputed boundary, out of which no war has arisen, nor is Great Britain in any way attempting to interfere with the domestic institutions of its neighbor.

Mr. Cleveland, in his message to Congress, says:

"That in July last, a despatch was addressed to our ambassador at London, for communication to the British Government, in which the attitude of the United States was fully and distinctly set forth. Of the general conclusions therein reached and formulated, are in substance that traditional and established policy of this Government is firmly opposed to a forcible increase by any European Power of its territorial possessions on this continent; that this policy is as well founded in principle as it is strongly supported by numerous precedents; that as a consequence the United States is bound to protest against the enlargement of the area of British Guiana in derogation of right, and against the will of Venezuela; that considering the disparity in the strength of Great Britain and Venezuela, the territorial dispute between them can be reasonably settled only by friendly and impartial arbitration, and that the resort to such arbitration should include the whole controversy, and is not satisfied if one of the powers concerned is permitted to draw an arbitrary line through the territory in debate, and to declare that it will submit to arbitration only the portion lying on one side of it."

MR. CLEVELAND CRITICISED.

This paragraph presents two very distinct propositions, first, the right of the United States to interfere, and secondly, the merits of the controversy between Great Britain and Venezuela. I shall, indeed, be much surprised to find any impartial critic, who will concur in the course taken by President Cleveland.

Lord Salisbury has declined to yield to Mr. Cleveland's demand, and so we have from the President a further declaration in respect to the Monroe Doctrine. He says:

"That if a European Power, by an extension of its boundaries, takes possession of the territory of one of our neighboring Republics against its will, and in derogation of its rights, it is difficult to see why, to that extent, such a European Power does not thereby attempt to

extend its system of Government to that portion of this continent which is thus taken. This is the precise action which President Monroe declared to be dangerous to our peace and safety, and it can make no difference whether the European system is extended by an advance of frontier or otherwise."

President Cleveland may impose upon himself by such a line of reasoning. He can scarcely impose upon anyone else. The Monroe Doctrine was a declaration against the avowed policy of the Great Powers of the continent of Europe, who had combined to extend their despotic system to America by force of arms. That alliance was a menace to the independence of the United States, and to the preservation of their political institutions. It bears no resemblance to any proceedings, warlike or peaceful, growing out of a territorial dispute between two adjoining sovereignties. There is nothing in the events arising between Venezuela and Great Britain which endangers the independence of the United States, or which threatens the safety of her institutions. Her rights in South America are neither more nor less than they are in Africa. In every case, everywhere, her right of intervention must rest on the facts. I know of no rule of law, by which the United States can deny to the United Kingdom, a right which she would be compelled to concede to every other border state of this south American Republic. Venezuela has a territorial dispute with Colombia, with Ecuador and with Brazil, as well as with British Guiana; under what rule of Public Law, can the United States claim a right to intervene in respect to any one of these contested boundaries? France has a disputed boundary with Brazil. France declined the good offices of the United States. How is it that President Cleveland has not ventured to deal with France as he proposes to deal with England? Venezuela claims 633,000 square miles of territory. Of this vast area nearly 200,000 square miles are in dispute with her neighbors. A large portion of Venezuela is still unoccupied except by roving bands of Indians. The boundary lines between her possessions and the possessions of her neighbors, have never been ascertained.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER.

The truth is, that the vast possessions

claimed by Spain in South America, were, up to the time that her colonies became independent, an unoccupied wilderness. She had no occasion to define with precision the boundaries between her own dominions and the dominions of other states. The time had not arrived for such an undertaking. When Guiana was under the Dutch, as when at a later period the western part became an English possession, the boundary between it and what is now Venezuela was unsettled. The pretensions of Spain on the one side, and of Holland on the other, give but little assistance in drawing a separating line. The Dutch claimed the country to the banks of the Orinoco, while their neighbors claimed to the Essequibo. The sovereignty of each was incomplete, according to the requirements of International Law. But the Dutch had some possession of the country. They had military posts within its limits. The Spanish had none.

Now there are certain principles of Public Law, which are a guide in determining the boundary through an unoccupied territory, intervening between two separate political communities. When the boundary which was to separate the Spanish possession of Mexico from Louisiana was under discussion, between Senor de Onis and Mr. Adams, the rule agreed upon was the middle distance between the nearest settlements of the respective claimants. This rule is to be applied, not to the territory as it was when settlements were first made, but to the territory lying between the communities as they are, when the boundary is actually defined. Great Britain has not stood upon her extreme rights. She has suggested many lines of compromise beginning with the Schomburgk line in 1841, 54 years ago. The right, as I have already said, over an immense territory wholly unoccupied, is an imperfect right, and to take the case as favorable to Venezuela as one can, that imperfect right, if it ever existed east of the Schomburgk line, has been displaced by the higher right of perfected sovereignty acquired by actual occupation and actual jurisdiction exercised for more than a half a century. The right to such territory is no longer open to question. It has been settled by accomplished facts, and is no longer a proper subject for arbitration. No sovereign

state in England's position, would agree to put it in the powers of arbitrators, to hand over several thousands of its own people to a foreign jurisdiction. Such a demand might be made after conquest, but it could not, without dishonor, follow from a disputed boundary, where the progress of settlement had, in conformity with the law of nations, already settled the question of sovereignty in respect to the territory so occupied.

Lord Salisbury has declared, and there is little room to doubt that he will be able to make good his declaration, that British Guiana extended to the Orinoco, and that the various lines which Great Britain proposed to Venezuela were proposed in a spirit of compromise and concession, but were not met in any other way than by the extreme and untenable demand that they are entitled to the whole country, to the utmost limits ever claimed by Spain.

THE AGE IS DIFFERENT.

The Monroe Doctrine, as expounded by Mr. Olney and President Cleveland, is not applicable to this continent. It is an attempt to set aside those rules of International Law, which are necessary to the peace of the world, and to the protection of its weaker States. Europe is not making war upon America to overturn its political institutions, or to re-establish here forms of government which have met with acceptance there. The age of Dynastic pretensions is past. That set of interests which are peculiar to Europe, which were protected by treaties, and to which Washington referred, have nearly all disappeared with the fall of the Bourbons. This is an age of commerce; the facilities for trade have brought all States upon the sea, closer together. The platitudes about political unions between European and American states being unnatural and inexpedient, are the remnants of political conceptions that modern intercourse has destroyed, and to which the modern constitution of the British Empire is a conclusive answer. The sea serves to unite rather than to separate Christian communities, and the notion that any one state can, in this age of the world, constitute herself the protector of a score of other states, by her own arbitrary act, and without any responsibility for their conduct, or that she can establish

for them and for herself an International Code, contrary to the re-organized law of nations, which other communities are bound to recognize, is preposterous. The people of the United States would regard it as a gross affront on the part of any European nation, to interfere with them in their relations with China or Japan, or indeed, with any other state upon the eastern continent, and we know no reason which would justify the United States doing, in this regard, in Venezuela what England might not with equal propriety do in China or Japan. I know no reason why the United States should assume a greater measure of authority in South America than England, Holland or France. She has less right there than any one of them. She has no more authority to extend her trade relations by abnormal means than any other state. She has no greater right than any one of them to acquire territory there. She is under the same obligation to conform her conduct to the rules and usages of nations as any other state. And what reason could she give against the pretensions of Brazil, if that country insisted upon her own ascendancy in South America, to the exclusion of the United States?

In the correspondence, Mr. Olney has presumed to question the permanency of the relations between Great Britain and her colonies, and he pronounces it unnatural and inexpedient. Facts are against his contention. The world has changed since the Mayflower landed the pilgrim fathers. The intervening ocean binds rather than separates peoples; and the union between Canada and the United Kingdom, is certainly commercially and geographically closer, than that between New England and California, or between Florida and Alaska. Observations of this kind, found in an official despatch, are not argument, they are insults, and because Lord Salisbury has not permitted offensive platitudes of this kind to pass unnoticed, the British Empire is threatened with dismemberment.

INTERNATIONAL LAW IGNORED.

International Law is based upon two maxims,—that nations are mutually dependent,—that they are equal. The United States deny their applicability to

this continent. While they claim the right that International Law bestows in their intercourse with Europe, they seek to put all European states upon a footing of inferiority in their intercourse with this hemisphere. They undertake to place themselves above the law, and Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Olney propose to substitute the policy of the President for those rules of Public Law by which the intercourse of all civilized states is regulated. To such an undertaking the rest of mankind will not consent. We in Canada claim to be a part of the British Empire. We claim a substantial voice in those international matters which specially concern us. The organ through which our views and sentiments find expression, is a creature of Municipal Law, which concerns only ourselves and the parent State. We are here to stay, and we claim to have a voice in the political and commercial affairs of this continent, for the Empire of which we are a part, is an American, no less than it is a European power. With our Municipal Constitution, the United States have nothing to do, it lies beyond the sphere of International relations, and concerns only the people of the British Empire. In respect to the commerce of the Western World, the United States must submit to competition, and to the industrialism and political rivalry of other States, whether she likes it or whether she does not. They will be obliged to submit to the political and industrial consequences which arise from the construction of new highways for the trade of the world, for the world will not agree to stand still because progress is not always to their sole advantage. The construction of the Suez Canal diminished the amount of tonnage required for the

trade of the East, by shortening the voyage; but it also stimulated its growth. The construction of highways through Central America, may prove of great advantage to them, as well as to the British Empire, but they cannot, for this reason, be made the exclusive property of our neighbors. This is an age in which the steamship, the telegraph line and the great Banking houses, have drawn men closer together. They have diminished distances, they have cheapened intercourse, and they are gradually obliterating Continental distinctions. The Republics of the new world are in no danger from without; their perils lie in the character of their own peoples.

The Monroe Doctrine as explained by President Cleveland and Mr. Olney, never had a practical existence, and never can have, neither the House of Representatives, nor the President, nor his Secretary, can change the Public Law of the world. The schemes to stay the progress of mankind, by declarations of public policy at variance with the Law of Nations, are as vain as Mrs. Partington's attempt to check the flow of the tide with her mop. The United States cannot acquire pre-eminence by any declarations of this kind. It is open to them to join in the march with the great States of the world, or "with wandering steps and slow" to vainly strive to impose restraints upon the rights of others, in order to secure for themselves a dominant influence which the rest of mankind will never tolerate, for it can only exist in derogation of Public Law, and by a denial of the sovereign rights of all other civilized nations.

London, 28th December, 1895.

FRATRICIDE.

War with our brother?—sooner let our hands
Fall paralyzed forever by our sides;
Forbid it, Heaven, that these fair fields run red
With blood we deem no other than our own.

London, Ont.

F. P. B.

LIFE'S OUTCASTS.

WHO is to care for the lonely ship,
Left with the sea to fight—
No rudder, no pilot to guide its course
As it plunges into the night?
The sea is dark—the wind is fierce,
Huge clouds are everywhere;
If the rudderless ship is tossed and torn,
Is there a soul to care?

Who is to care for the lonely soul,
Tossed on the sea of life—
No rudder, no pilot to guide its course
Through a sea of scorn and strife?
The shoals are thick on the sea of life,
The rocks are everywhere;
If a heart is washed on a barren shore,
Is there a soul to care?

Should a fainting heart in a troubled hour
Be cast on a cruel shoal,
The ships of gold glide past with their freight
And smile on the sinking soul.
And if perchance a piteous moan
Goes up from a tarnished life,
A thousand hands thrust back the form
Into the lonely night.
The ships of gold glide smiling by—
(Some hearts are stone to an outcast's cry.)

These sinking souls are everywhere;
In the sea of life how few who care!

To a port somewhere beyond the mists,
Where the sea has ceased to roll,
The stately ships are gliding on,
And the crafts with a single soul.
Thither the weakest babe is borne—
Thither the storm-tossed life,
To a harbour somewhere beyond the mists,
Beyond the sea of strife.

Over the breast of the moaning sea
An eye peers through the dark,
Across the angry troubled waves,
Like a wondrous beacon spark.
It searches not for the golden ships
That passed the strugglers by—
It searches not for the wavering crafts
That dance 'neath a cloudless sky.
It seeks the angry, troubled sea,
Where the billows groan and roll,

And rests with a God-like pitying gaze
 On a storm-tossed troubled soul.
 A voice rings clear through the misty night,
 From yonder shadowy shore ;
 The echo sinks to the wanderer's heart
 In the lull of the ocean's roar :

"Thy heart is torn, as yonder sail
 "Is rent by a careless wind ;
 "Thy heart is sad, as a poor lost lamb
 "Which stumbling, is left behind.
 "Go lay thee down in yonder fold,
 "Where a Shepherd true and fair
 "Is waiting behind those misty hills
 "With a soul that is yearning—to care."

ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL.

Toronto, Ont.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

Wild was the sea in the dead of night,
 And the angry winds blowing a gale,
 In a boat so frail with a face so white,
 Clung a form to a broken sail.
 Toss'd by waves in that terrible hour,
 Her loving arms clasp'd round her child,
 She cries to Him who alone has power
 To say, "Peace," to those waters wild.

"Mother, dear, is God asleep,
 He cannot hear you cry ?"
 Pressing her darling to her,
 She heaved one long deep sigh.

At the break of dawn next day there lay,
 With her child still clasp'd to her breast,
 The Angel of Death had led the way,
 Where the weary ones are at rest.
 And in that far-off bright Happy Land,
 So peaceful their sleep evermore,
 They sing the sweet songs the Angels sing,
 On that far away golden shore.


No angry seas can harm them,
 No storms disturb their sleep,
 Safe both child and mother are
 From the perils of the deep.

Montreal.

NORMA.

NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON, (MADGE MERTON.)

TTAWA, our capital city, has a triple greatness. She is important politically, rich by the gift of nature, and distinct socially. Visitors are prone to say she is made by politics, but the citizens say "made by the lumber trade, unmade by politics." There is truth in the mouth of each. From every direction, at great distances, the many-towered Parliament Buildings reach out for the eye. You go mile upon mile into Quebec, you have half forgotten Ottawa perhaps, but if you turn, there is a great pile gleaming white with the sunlight upon it or piercing a blue haze with its minarets. It stands crowning the apex of a hill shaped like an inverted cup. On every side the land falls away from it curving into a rounded valley and ascending the hills beyond. Like all crowns, this crown of stone makes uneasy the head to wear it, and that is the deeper significance of the saying of those who belong here, and who are not held by any string of pay or promise to "the hill" and House of Parliament.

The coming and going, the fluctuating population, the sudden up-leapings of values are not as beneficial as steady increase by small degrees.

Inside the main building there is a smell of fresh paint and varnish during the early days of the session. This quickly gives place to an odor of stale tobacco, and this last gives place to nothing while the session lasts.

In looking from the galleries upon the House, the new comer fancies he is looking upon the manufacture of political products. He wonders that the men below evince so little interest. He learns after a while that a great plan with little plans revolving in it, is all that is going on. The "why" and the "what" and the "how" have been threshed out beforehand in caucus and in the smoking rooms. It is a big dress rehearsal. There are few surprises which really surprise and it is seldom that any of the players forget their parts.

The House of Parliament, as we have it, is a strange commingling of the old and the new. There is, on the one hand, silken draperies, the clank of swords, the state and dignity, but even as the swish of the silk comes to the ear, there is also borne upon it, the vigorous strokes of the boom of democratic reform which, steadily sweeping, is entrenching on the bits of old-worldism that we still have left to us.

The Senate chamber is fitted with red. The senators, men old in political warfare, go down as the sun goes down after a troubled day, in a burst of grandeur and amid luxurious trappings.

In the Commons the furnishings are all green. There is less of carpet, less of comfort, less of luxury, less of everything but fight, for it is the chamber of wrangle. And the public is "just a great baby" for a wrangle, so it flocks to the House of Commons. During these days of the crisis the people armed with tickets, and those without them, stand at their separate doors, half an hour, an hour and even more. The doors open. There is a wild rush. Then comes the cry that a woman has fainted—a slight relaxation of the muscle-bound bunch of people, a moment's silence, then another mad struggle. Inside there is a little routine business, a short address or two, a carried adjournment and then the great crestfallen crowd makes its way out again.

The great House on the hill is a sort of enchanted castle for some. It changes the beliefs of many. It works financial miracles with others. It robs some of their best, taking their honesty of purpose, their fidelity to the folks at home, and sometimes their old-fashioned adherence to the principles of right living. Others hold closely to the narrow way of politics but they are the ones who have eyes to see.

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In natural wealth, the city is endowed beyond description. In the winter the continued severe weather affords unbounded opportunity to indulge in what are

known as Canadian sports, but which, except in a very desultory way, we have little of in Western Ontario, or in the far east. Here they wrap themselves in furs, such quantities of furs too, and they skate, toboggan, snow-shoe and curl, to an extent that makes us from further west understand a little more clearly why Miss Canada always wears snoe-shoes and a blanket suit when she is portrayed for English and American eyes.

In the spring and summer and autumn a new world is opened. The country is a garden of wildflowers. There are rugged cliffs to clamber alongside of. The varied beauty of cascades, the foam and spray of water-falls and the purling of tiny streams are good to see. There are stretches of swamp land rich with the flaming flowers on its dark old bosom. There are calm meadows starred with daisies, golden with buttercups and sweet with clover. Ferns with fronds that are misty in their lace-like fineness grow beside the rocks of limestone and granite, coarser ones cluster at the mossy roots of trees upon the canal bank. Waxy white water-flowers and *fleur-de-lis* you can reach from your canoe, and in the shadows of the clumps of cedars you will pause to hear the birdsong swelling across the quiet roads on each side of the strip of water.

Alongside the Gatineau, walking, driving or by rail, you grow fascinated with its swift dark tide, its burden of timber, its cascades, its varied banks rolling into hills, clambering into mountains, tasselled with birch, shaded with ash and hickory, draped with elms and topped with tall sentinel firs. Up the Ottawa river, there are still cascades, still rocks, still music of waters and song of birds and the little sand-pipers trotting over the wet sandy shores from which the water has shrunk away.

In the woods that lie between Ottawa and the blue Laurentian hills, the air is sweet with the odor of tall, white violets. At the roadside fences (often of roughly

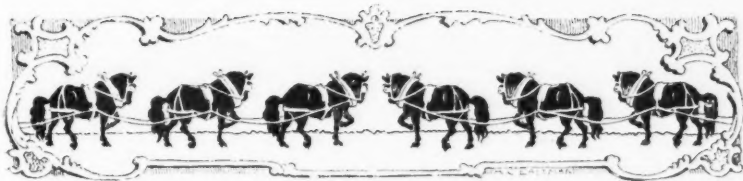
piled stone) wild fruit trees display their snowy, sweet-breathed blossoms, and later, their yield of scrubby fruit. The houses are quaint in their stony strength of years gone by, or they are new and garish with the gingerbread decorations and flaming paint which are the outcome of a few lately-earned dollars.

In its social aspect Ottawa has the distinction of having for its head the highest of the land. There is no doubt that at its centre, it is the best, the brightest, the bravest, and the most intellectual that our country can afford. At its circumference it is pitiable in every respect.

The difficulty in a place where people of average ability and slender means have the *entree* to the society of those markedly their superiors, is that recognizing their want of real worth, which cannot be bought in a day, they have recourse to clothes which can. They are not inclined to acknowledge any inferiority in, at least, the manner of their appearing. They are not willing to learn, to wait, to profit or to improve. They must make a sensation, and make it at once. Straightway there comes for them the curse of financially over-stepping themselves. It is pitiful to see a legitimate recreation of life turned into the chief business of life. It is a cause for sorrow that what should be a mutual improvement intellectually, is turned into a rivalry as to clothes and place. It belittles those who take part in it.

Surely after a guest is sufficiently well-dressed to do no discredit to the honor her hostess pays her, the rest lies in herself. She may shine like the morning sun, if her means warrant it, and she may yet be easily in her soul and good to look at. Directly she goes beyond her means, she goes wrong, and foolish wife and weak husband, vain daughters and poor old hood-winked, badgered fathers come tumbling down into financial distress together.





CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

COMPARATIVE PARTYISM.

Partyism seems to have a strong hold in both Canada and the United States. But most Canadians fancy that partyism is more rampant and extreme in the Republic to the south than it is in their own country. Let us see.

The President of the United States recently appointed a commission to report on the "true location of the divisional line between the territory of the Republic of Venezuela and that of British Guiana." The *personnel* of the committee is as follows:—

David J. Brewer, Republican, of Kansas, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Richard H. Alvey, Democrat, of Maryland, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia.

Andrew D. White, Republican, of New York, ex-President of Cornell University and ex-Minister to Germany and Russia.

Frederick R. Coudert, Democrat, of New York, who was one of the Counsel for the United States in the Behring Sea Arbitration.

Daniel C. Gilman, of Maryland, President of Johns Hopkins University, who is said to be "with Republican leanings."

That is, President Cleveland, a Democrat, appoints a commission of three Republicans and two Democrats.

Again, as is well known, the work of the United States Senate is mostly performed by committees. On December 30th, the Senate was reorganized; which being interpreted means that the Senate committees were re-arranged. The Republicans have a majority of two over the Democrats, while the five Populists hold

the balance of power. The latter refrained from voting and the Republicans thus controlled the re-organization. The most important committee is that on Finance, to which are referred tariff as well as other financial bills. This committee consists of thirteen members, six are Republicans, six are Democrats and one is a Populist.

Contrast these two events with some present actions of the Canadian Government, which is in the control of the Conservative party. The Senators of the Dominion number 84 and are appointed by the Governor-General in Council, that is by the Cabinet. As a result of that Cabinet being Conservative for eighteen years, there are to-day 74 Conservative and 10 Liberal Senators. During that eighteen years the number of Liberal Senators appointed can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Again, Canada recently had a Royal Commission on Prohibition. Five persons were appointed to it, but not one was a pronounced Liberal in politics. Such is partyism in Canada, and one party seems as illiberal as the other. Both place "party before merit," and laugh at the virtues known as "tolerance," "liberality," and "broadmindedness."

THE UNITED STATES AND ARBITRATION.

The United States has always upheld the principal of arbitration as the true one to be followed in the settlement of international disputes, and scores of examples of decisions being reached in this way may be found in the history of the past century.

When the famous Alabama claims were

referred to arbitration, Great Britain was ordered to pay several million dollars, and although she may have thought the decision unfair, the payment was promptly made. When, however, the United States was, by arbitration, found liable for certain damages to Canadian sealers improperly interfered with in the Behring Sea, and when Secretary Gresham agreed to pay \$425,000 in liquidation of these damages, Congress refused to pay that or any other sum. No wonder then that Lord Salisbury should say that "the task of insuring compliance with the award when it is made is not exempt from difficulty."

Harper's Weekly, in discussing this matter says, "They have put it into the power of Great Britain, when we demand that she shall settle an international difficulty by arbitration, to remind us that such an insistence does not come with good grace from a nation which submits a controversy to arbitration, and when the arbitration goes against it, refuses to pay, for that is exactly what Lord Salisbury's polite and diplomatic language comes to."

No nation can expect either sympathy or justice unless it is always ready and anxious to render both in return.

IS OUR CIVILIZATION A FAILURE?

The usefulness of any law of a sovereign legislative authority, or any rule of human conduct, is judged by its success. A man is judged by his ability for adapting himself to, and taking advantage of, the circumstances in which he is placed—in a word, by his success. If a Krupp gun will pierce a piece of 12-inch steel armor and thus fulfil what was expected of it, we decide that the gun is a success. Success is the great modern criterion—was the leading ancient standard of quality.

Let us examine our boasted and lauded civilization by these tests. Has it been a success? Is it accomplishing all that was expected of it? The heathen Chinese and the semi-civilized Jap go to war, and we intimate that they have not enough of our Western civilization, which abhors war and believes only in arbitration or friendly compromise. A tribe in darkest Africa makes a midnight assault on an unsuspecting village inhabited by the members of another tribe, and the victims are murdered while they sleep. "They

are uncivilized," says the Western world. Has this wonderful civilization of ours prevented man's brute nature from predominating over his divine nature?

The nations of Europe and America stand to-day armed to the teeth, glowering at one another like so many ravenous wolves. The poor languish in the byways of civilization or in the debtor's cell, while the Governments pile up money in their war chests, build war vessels costing millions of dollars each, or spend billions yearly on military equipments. They worship the Author of the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man one day in the week and worship the doctrine of every man for himself during the other six. While these are some of the characteristics of nineteenth century civilization, can it be designated "a success"?

The feudalism of the middle ages has passed away, and the golden Renaissance ushered in the new and diviner Democracy. It bore healing on its white, peace-waiving wings. But representative assemblies—government of the people, by the people, and for the people—seem to have as great weaknesses, seem to make as many mistakes, and seem to be subject to as many unwholesome influences as the wicked princes who lived and ruled in the darker and earlier periods of our history. Parliamentary government is not the success that the people of the 17th and 18th centuries believed it would be, and it is not certain that the model government of the future has yet been found or even conceived in any human mind. There have been many changes in the past, and apparently there must be many more ere even the extreme limits of the penumbra of the millenium be reached.

INLAND WATERWAYS.

It is pleasant to turn from the ridiculous bickerings of nations and the unreal vauntings of place hunting politicians to a project which savors of true peace and real progress. To connect the Great Lakes with the Atlantic was once a dream, yet, the Erie Canal, the Welland Canal and the St. Mary Canal, at first designated chimeras, became realities. To-day a deeper water-way is proposed—a project which towers above all others ever attempted by the inhabitants of any continent, above even the great and suc-

cessful schemes of de Lesseps. To enable large ships to take on their cargoes of natural wealth in the very heart of this productive continent and sail to the ports of Europe, Africa or Asia is the idea conceived by certain engineers in North America. The first steps for the realization of this plan have been taken at a convention held at Cleveland, in September, 1895. A full report of the discussions that took place and of the papers that were read has been published by The International Deep Water-ways Commission. No thoughtful person can read the numerous papers therein contained without admiring the courage, foresight, and deep thought of those who have given this commercial venture their careful consideration. As a plan for developing Canada's resources, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific was a small matter compared with this newer scheme for aiding commerce. This country never faced a problem so full of possibilities and as such it demands of every citizen a full, thorough and disinterested consideration. Any person interested may secure a copy of this valuable report by writing O. A. Howland, Esq., M.P.P., Toronto.

AN UNDEVELOPED MINE.

The editor of the Winnipeg *Saturday Night* spoke the truth when he said that our literary men knew little of the mine of undeveloped wealth which lies in the history of the settlement of the Canadian West. "The racial peculiarities of the half-breed, his loyalty to his race, his devotion to 'the Company' and his capacity for endurance and privation under certain circumstances are themes that have never been touched upon in literature and are only known to those who have lived with them." The picturesqueness of these employees of the Hudson Bay Company, is beyond doubt a subject for the poet, the artist and the litterateur. An example of these is seen in the admirable frontispiece by A. H. H. Heming in this number. Continuing the writer says:—"Why it is that the Scotch half-breed partakes more of the nature of the father than does his French kinsman, it would be hard to say. The contrast between the semi-domestic tastes of the former and the roving, excitable and also Indian nature of the latter

is a fruitful theme for the student of human nature. The last Northwest Rebellion furnishes evidences of the contrast. I don't believe there were two Scotch half-breeds in the whole outbreak. Beyond the stories for boys of R. M. Ballantyne, an old clerk of the Company, there has been virtually nothing written about the unique life of the officers and men of the Hudson's Bay Company, with its fascinating phases and its old-world semi-patriarchal government. Gilbert Parker has only nibbled at the crust of it."

PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS' SALARIES.

Unless the public at once take up the matter of larger salaries for public school teachers, our educational system is going to be seriously deteriorated by the present practice. The idea of a male teacher possessing a second or third-class certificate, and being over eighteen years of age, working for \$200 or \$250 a year! *It is dangerous.*

No teacher with such a salary can afford to buy books, or even to wear good clothing. He will thus lose the dignity which is derived from both these sources. He will be reduced to the equal of the farm laborer, who seldom gets less than \$200 per year and his board. In fact, comparing the two, the farm laborer is in better circumstances. The teaching profession will simply be a body of men or women always on the look-out for new positions, without ambitions for success in their present profession, and without the dignity which should be transmitted to the children under their charge.

There are several plans for obviating this evil. The Provincial Education Departments may make the Educational grant depend partly on the salary paid. The minimum age of teachers may be placed at twenty-one instead of eighteen. The qualifications may be raised. Of these three, the first is the most feasible and would be the most effective.

THE MANITOBA ELECTION.

Premier Thos. Greenway is again boss of the Province of Manitoba for another four years. The recent elections were fought out on strictly party lines, the Liberals appealing to the people to return them to power, so as to justify and uphold their conduct in defending the

Provincial Laws which abolished Separate Schools. The result seems to indicate that the great majority of the electors are in favor of fighting the Dominion Government, should it attempt to force Remedial Legislation on the Prairie Province.

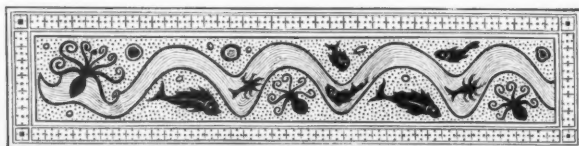
In the old Legislature there were 28 Liberals, 10 Conservatives and 1 Independent. In the new Legislature there are 30 Liberals, 5 Conservatives and 4 Independents. Thus, the Liberals have been materially strengthened, and it remains to be seen whether Premier Greenway will use the enormous power of which he is possessed, to prevent a disastrous collision between Provincial and Federal authorities. A peaceful settlement of the matter is extremely desirable, and each side is not doing its duty unless it prevents, so far as lies within its power and so far as is consistent with its honor, any conflict which would leave an angry feeling in the hearts of any section of the Canadian people.

WINTER CAMPAIGN, 1813.

Capt. Cruikshank, who has done excellent work as an historian of the events which have made the Niagara peninsula famous in the chronicles of Canada, has just issued another pamphlet, which deals with Drummond's Winter Campaign of 1813.* On the 10th of September of that year, the British squadron on Lake Erie was totally destroyed by the United States forces, while later in the month, the Lake Ontario fleet was defeated in "The Burlington Races," as the British seamen contemptuously dubbed the engagement. Proctor's western division was defeated on the Thames. General George McClure (U.S.), marched out with 1,100 men from Fort George, to attack the British forces at Burlington, but did nothing except ravage all the country from Beaver Dam to Queenston. Part of this force was afterwards sent to Sac-

* The price of the pamphlet is 15 cents, and can be procured from Capt. Cruikshank, Fort Erie, Ont.

kett's Harbor. The British forces then pressed forward from Burlington with the intention of re-capturing Fort George, which it must be remembered, was situated on the Canadian frontier where the Niagara river empties in Lake Ontario. The commanders were Maj.-Gen. Riall, and Lieut.-Gen. Sir Gordon Drummond. While this advance was in progress, the United States forces burned the village of Newark and abandoned the Fort. To avenge the burning, at two hours notice to the inhabitants, of 150 buildings and the rendering homeless of 400 helpless women and children—in the winter time at that—the British troops resolved to cross the river and attack Fort Niagara. One dark night they crossed at Youngstown, killed the entire piquet, and marched down to the Fort. The surprise was complete; 65 were killed, 16 wounded, and 330 taken prisoners. The British loss was six killed and five wounded. The stores taken were valued at more than half a million of dollars, and included 29 pieces of artillery, 7,000 muskets and rifles, and 7000 pairs of shoes. This well-planned exploit was carried out under the command of Sir Gordon Drummond. Major-General Riall then crossed the river with 965 regular troops, 50 militia, and 400 Indians. Their combined force then marched on Buffalo, *via* Black Rock. At the two places there was a United States army of about 2,500 men, with good artillery and well stationed. Yet at Black Rock the British were victorious, killing over 300 men, and capturing 130. The victors lost 102 in killed, wounded and missing. The villages of Black Rock and Buffalo were burned. The naval yard at the former place was destroyed, as were the four vessels that composed the Lake Erie squadron. As Capt. Cruikshank says: "The destruction of Newark had been avenged tenfold," and the Niagara peninsula rendered secure for a time.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS

If the relative popularity of books may be proven by the order of their sales at a given place, the following list will be of interest. *The Book News*, Philadelphia, says that according to a record kept for one month in the Wanamaker book store, the fifteen most popular books have been the following, in the order named: "Titus," by Florence M. Kingsley; "In the Days of Auld Lang Syne," by Ian Maclaren; "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," by Ian Maclaren; "Bachelor's Christmas," by Robert Grant; "Sorrows of Satan," by Marie Corelli; "Memoirs of a Minister of France," by Stanley Weyman; "Men of the Moss-Hags," by S.R. Crockett; "Casa Braccio," by Marion Crawford; "A Gentleman Vagabond," by F. Hopkinson Smith; "About Paris," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Second Jungle Book," by Rudyard Kipling; "Two Little Pilgrims' Progress," by Mrs. Burnett; "Knight of the White Cross," by G. A. Henty; "Tiger of Mysore," by the same; "Through Russian Snows," by the same.

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It is generally conceded that most of what is called moral fiction has, in the past, been inartistic. But, as the *Spectator* points out, this was not because "there is some deep-seated and ineradicable hostility between the beauty and the truth of art and the beauty and the truth of morality," but because "these inartistic moral tales are inartistic only because the writers of them lack some or all the gifts that make an artist." Hence if Grant Allen, Thomas Hardy, Sarah Grand, etc., are really artistic they could produce artistic tales without bringing in the immoral or the agnostic. They do not need to work out arguments showing that man is largely animal and woman wholly so, and that women lower men rather than elevate them. It is quite possible for a novel to be a work of art and yet have a sound moral at its heart, because the perfect moral and spiritual laws of the universe are expressed in whole or in part in every episode in man's life. There is a moral in everything, and it is the artist's work and duty to discover it, to reveal it, and to celebrate it so that the world may know and feel.

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On this point, let me quote the first stanza of the first poem in a little volume of verses by Cheiro*:

If we only knew, if we only knew,
But a little part of the things we see,
Methinks the false would be oft more true
Than what is truth—or what seems to be;
If we only knew—if we only knew.

By the way, there are some splendid lines in this booklet, with sentiments lofty, broad, deep and human.

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I always open a book of travel with suspicion, but I have discovered one that may be read without constant resort to a neighboring pitcher of water. It is, "This Goodly Frame, The Earth,"* being stray impressions of scenes, incidents, and persons in a journey touching Japan, China, Egypt, Palestine and Greece, by Francis Tiffany. The style is pure, fresh and vigorous, while the descriptions are artistic, full of color, varied and complete. For example, Mr. Tiffany started *via* St. Paul, Winnipeg and Vancouver, and thus describes the Rockies: "Before I actually saw them, I never could get a vivid conception of the essential genius of the Rocky Mountains. Such Titanic sublimity of rock formations, such wrestlings and writhings of uptilted and contorted stratas, such spectacle of a vast rock creation groaning and travailling in pain until now, where else is it witnessed on so stupendous a scale? Now, in the Alps, all this elemental convulsion of nature, this Titan reign of chaos, is largely veiled from sight. It is covered with perpetual snow; it is hidden under regal mantles of green. Here the Titan is naked,—'naked and not ashamed.' His gigantic osseous structure, his thews and sinews, all that constitute him Biracus are seen in violent action. These are his boast, his glory." Or take his description of life in India: "Human life here is not cheap, if not dirt-cheap. Go into the dining-room of the hotel—each guest has his private servant behind his chair. Walk through the passage-way of the hotel after bed time—a servant is sleeping on a mat before each door. A clap of the hands inside, and in a second he is on his feet. Self-help soon ceases to be so much as a reminiscence. Here am I, a man who in democratic America has been wont to tend his own furnace, and in all grave domestic crises to stand ready to act as second girl, but in India it is a struggle to be allowed to tie my own shoestrings, or brush my own teeth.

*New York, F. T. Neely, Paper.

*Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

George Gissing, the author of "Eve's Ransom" is forging to the front of English popularity, and is receiving a goodly share of praise. He is young, accomplished, speaks several languages, handsome, and lives at Epsom. He has had one of his early novels revised and republished in Bell's Colonial Library.* It is entitled, "The Unclassed," and deals analytically and critically with a certain number of persons who have no fixed place in society. The heroine's mother was a woman of the street, and the daughter through poverty departs also from the straight path, only to be reclaimed. The tale will be classed by many as immoral, by others as truthful and artistic. To my mind it deals with a phase of city life of which we, now-a-days, read entirely too much. Our dirty linen should be washed in private, not in public.

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Mr. Gissing has another book in the Autonym Library, entitled, "Sleeping Fires." Aside from one or two small errors which show a lack of careful revision, it is a powerfully told tale. A young man of twenty allows the sleeping fire of his nature to burst into flame in connection with a silly young woman, much below him in rank. When a year or two afterwards he desires to marry a young lady of rank, his misdeed has to be confessed and thus becomes a barrier. He becomes a wanderer, and in Athens, years afterwards, meets a young man who turns out to be his own son. Other occurrences follow with the usual pleasant results. The book is well worth perusal in a spare hour.

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Wm. E. Anderson, of Pickering, Ont., has produced a Roman drama in five acts, entitled, "Leo and Venetia." While crude and hasty in some places, it shows, nevertheless, considerable knowledge of the dramatic art.

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The latest issue in the Pseudonym Library, is, "When wheat is Green,"† by Jos. Wilton. It is a harmless, colorless story with a long drawn, indefinite plot. The author is a novice, to judge from this piece of work.

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"A Daughter of Humanity,"‡ by Edgar Maurice Smith, is the tale of a Boston heiress who spent seven months as a working girl in a New York dry goods establishment for the purpose of finding out the trials and temptations of such a position. She was subjected to insult and contumely and underwent untold hardships,—experiences from which she

drew pictures for fashionable audiences after she returned to her true social position. While it is thus a book on social conditions, it is also, to a certain extent, an interesting love-romance.

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"His Perpetual Adoration," by Jos. F. Flint, is an extremely interesting and realistic war story, told in the form of a diary left at his death by a veteran who had been a captain in the Northern army, and with Grant at Vicksburg and Sherman on his march to the sea. Two or three of the great events of the war are told in stirring fashion, but the narrative deals mainly with the inside life of the soldier in war time, and its physical and moral difficulties. A fine love story runs throughout, the hero having plighted his troth before setting out for the front.

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"Uncle Jerry's Platform" * is the title of a little volume of Christmas stories. Gillie Cary is an easy but by no means powerful writer. The book is illustrated, but the drawings are so amateurish as to be almost unworthy of the excellent mechanical treatment which they have received.

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"The Sister Dominions,"† is a new book on Canada and Australia. The author is J. F. Hogan, M.P., who has also written "The Irish in Australia," "The Lost Explorer," etc. He took a trip across the Atlantic in one of the Allan Liners crossed Canada via the Canadian Pacific, and went to Australia on one of Mr. Huddart's boats. His Canadian descriptions are exceedingly interesting. His point of view being that of an ardent Imperialist. But the descriptions of our own country are—to us Canadians—less entrancing than the tales and observations of towns and provinces in Australasia. Sydney and Melbourne are exceedingly well described and any Canadian who has any desire to know about Australia as it is to-day, will find here information in a most readable form. Mr. Hogan's sincere desire seems to be to impart knowledge and while this prime object is kept in mind and closely followed, he never lapses into a dry statement of facts. Take, for example, these three consecutive chapter headings: Literary Melbourne, Religious Melbourne and Theatrical Melbourne; these indicate Mr. Hogan's manner of treating his subject.

The book is especially opportune just at the moment when these colonies are being drawn closer and closer together and when the "Greater Britain" is materializing into something more than a fiction founded on sentiment

*Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Paper.

†London, T. Fisher Unwin. Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

‡Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. The Arena Publishing Co., Boston.

*The Arena Publishing Co., Boston. Cloth, 75 cents.

†Cloth, \$1.25. London, Ward & Downey; Toronto, Warwick Bros. & Rutter.

Toboggans were used centuries ago by the Indians of North America and were adopted by the early French-Canadians as pack sleds. This Canadian type of toboggan is composed of a long thin board turned up into a half circle in front; but the improved Canadian consists of a number of four or five inch strips fastened together with cleates and possessing low railings at each side. Tobogganing has also been a Swiss pleasure for centuries. The early Swiss toboggan was much like a Canadian hand-sleigh and the later Swiss machines are lower, with steel spring runners. The greatest Swiss slides are at St. Moritz. The Swiss slides differ from the Canadians in that they are not straight, but have several curves banked in the way a bicycle track is built. All this information and much more may be gleaned from a beautifully illustrated book on the subject from the pen of Theodore Andrew Cook* which was published in New York in 1894. Those Canadians who fancy that they know all about the noble sport may be somewhat surprised if they will consult this most interesting little volume.

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The Arena Publishing Co., Boston has just published three new books which, for lack of space, must be very briefly noticed. "Kerchiefs to Hunt Souls," is a novel by M. Amelia Fyche in which the author endeavors to inculcate some new ideas concerning "love." "The New Time," by B. O. Flower, is the title of a small collection of this writer's essays in the *Arena* on "A Union of the Moral forces for Practical Progress." As to this Union, he says: "Its purpose should be to help mankind now and here to rise to noble heights, to a broad and just conception of life and individual

sentiment, to develop the character of all who come within its influence, and increase the measure of human happiness." "The Reign of Lust," by the Duke of Oatmeal, is a little paper-bound volume dealing with lust in business, in wealth, in politics, in love and in mind.

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"Later Lyrics,"* is the title of a neat little collection of the later short poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. They are not all new, but they are sweet little morsels which one can roll again and again under the tongue. While musical and polished and imaginative, they are simple, natural and touching. Too often our poets shoot over the heads of the common people and write seemingly only for those whose tastes are as diligently and assiduously cultivated as their own. But if one reads "Alec Yeaton's Son," "At Nigni-Noogorod," "God Save the Tsar," "Sweetheart Sigh no More," or any number of Aldrich's small lyrics, one recognizes that even the ordinarily educated man or woman may recognize the meaning and see the exalted ideal in its full majesty.

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This, it seems to me, is a quality which Bliss Carman lacks. To

be sure he writes lovely verse, smooth and rounded, cultured and classical, but it is a high art-product which only the few are able to appreciate. Of course, as a Canadian, Canada is proud of his achievement. His new volume, "Behind the Arras,"† is to hand and a dainty artistic thing it is, something to be handled with care and wonder and appreciation. It certainly deserves more than a brief notice of this kind and a thorough review will appear in the next issue.

*Later Lyrics, T. B. Aldrich. Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin & Co.

†Behind the Arras, by Bliss Carman. Boston and New York, Lamson Wolfe & Co.; Toronto, Wm. Briggs.

*Notes on Tobogganing at St. Moritz, by T. A. Cook. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.



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DRAWN FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

ALFRED AUSTIN,
The New Poet-Laureate.

IDLE MOMENTS

THE LIMIT OF HER COURAGE.—Newboy—Miss Maidently says she's afraid to go out after dark. Oldboy—Does she? Then it's the only thing she's afraid to go out after.

NO REGRETS.—She—So you heard I was fickle. Did you get it from an old beau of mine? He—Yes, but he wasn't complaining.

A HINT.—Father—I want my daughter to have as good a home after marriage as she has now. Suitor—She will have if you don't sell off any of your furniture.

HE HAD EXPERIENCE.—She—You don't seem to mind the mud at all. He—No. I ran for Congress once.

NOT BLIND, BY ANY MEANS.—Peachblow—Do you think the God of Love is blind, as they say? Dedswell—Hardly; I notice he usually has money in sight nowadays.

VERY NEAR THE TRUTH.—He—What do the women do in their clubs? She—Think about the men. What do the men do in theirs? He—Try to forget about the women.

HER FAVORITE.—He—Who is your favorite writer, Miss Van Gilt? She—Papa. He—Why, I didn't know— She—Oh, yes—cheques.

QUITE RECONCILED.—“Your husband's death occurred at Chicago, I believe you said,” remarked Mr. Trivvet to Mrs. Gazzam. —“Yes.”—“Was he reconciled to go?”—“I told you he died in Chicago, didn't I?”

INCREASING PROFICIENCY.—Clara—Mr. Softly paid me a great compliment yesterday. He said I grew more beautiful every day. Maude—Well, practice makes perfect, you know.

A SCHEMER.—He—I'm afraid I couldn't make you happy, darling, on only \$2,000 a year. She—Oh, it's plenty! With economy I can dress on \$1,500, and just think, dear, we can have all the rest for household expenses.

JUST A GRAIN.—First Boarder—Please pass the salt. Second Boarder—Salt shouldn't be taken with this course. First Boarder—I know it. I'm not taking it with this course; I'm taking it with your last remark.

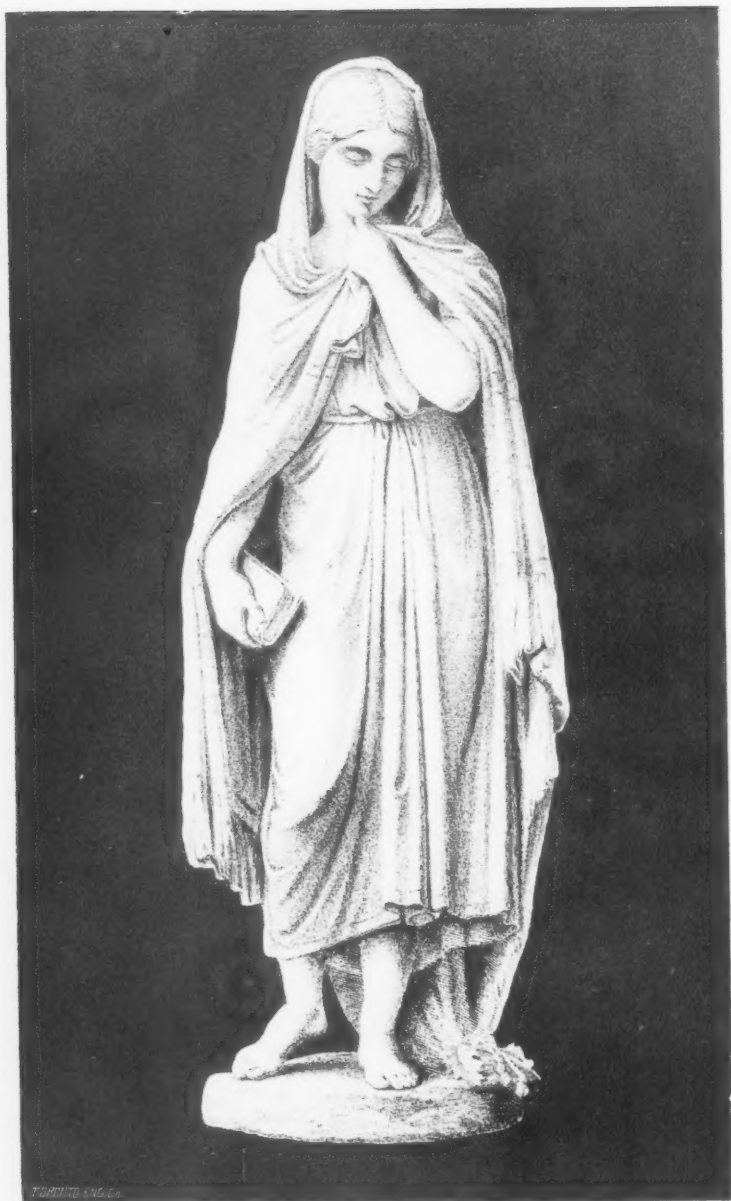
HIS CRIME.—Mr. Manhattan—Why was

that man lynched? Was he a horse thief? Mr. Brazos—Nop. “Had he committed murder?” “No.” “Then why was he lynched?” “Stranger, that man pretended to know more than was good for him in this great State of Texas. He claimed to be a scientist and said that whiskey was no good for snake bite.”

IT WAS DEFECTIVE.—Trivvet—That elopement of yours didn't come off as scheduled, did it? Dicer—No; when the time came the girl lost nerve and wouldn't fly with me. Trivvet—Then the failure was caused by a defective flew, was it?”

THE YOUNG LAWYER'S FIRST CASE.—“I've won my first case,” said young Blackstone to a couple of friends at the club. “We didn't know you even had a client,” replied one of them. “Tell us about it.” “Well, I bet Barrowcliff a case of beer, and I won it.” Whereupon the other two rose up against him and cast him out.

MEETING AN EMERGENCY.—Old Brown and old Smith, once schoolboys together, had not met for several years, but a chance meeting on one occasion caused them to bring to mind some of the friends of their youth, and an interesting hunting up of reminiscences followed, as it will at such times. “Do you remember,” said old Brown, “do you remember young Gestler, who used to be such a joker and so lively with his repartee?” “Yes, indeed,” said old Smith, “I remember him well. But the last time I heard of him, twenty years ago, he was playing in very hard luck, and hadn't a cent. What became of him?” “Well,” said old Brown, “he went to England and started a pin manufactory, and made considerable money.” “Whatever put that idea in his head?” “It is rather curious. He told me that he noticed that more pins were spoiled in England than in any other country, and that they were so spoiled by being sat down upon by Englishmen.” “That is somewhat odd,” remarked old Smith. “What made him come to that conclusion?” “Well,” said old Brown, looking at his watch, and rising as if to go, “he found that the reason Englishmen sit on pins was because they invariably fail to see the point.”



HIGHLAND MARY.

From a Statue executed by R. E. Spence, in 1852.

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